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THE COMING SESSION.

FOR several years the substance of Speeches from the Throne has been judiciously kept secret until they have been actually delivered. Only the members of the Cabinet know the proposals or explanations which will be submitted to Parliament on Thursday next. It is not generally expected that measures of the highest importance will be brought forward by a Government which is not more inclined to revolutionary changes than the country at large. Attempts will perhaps be made to surprise or conciliate the House of Commons by schemes of administrative improvement; but in adopting, two years ago, the almost unanimous opinion of Parliament, the Ministry finally repudiated all pretensions to the character of Parliamentary Reformers. There will be no question of overthrowing the Constitution; there are few economical possibilities of change remaining, and the Church is not in danger; but a Session has seldom commenced in which the possession of political power depended so entirely on the judgment and conduct of contending parties. According to all probability, the Conservatives will make a strong push for office, and Mr. COBDEN is by no means likely to have modified his antipathy to Lord PALMERSTON. The result of the impending contest will probably depend on the selection of the field of battle; and the Government has the great advantage of acting on the defensive. Mr. DISRAELI would have a decisive majority if he could devise a vote in which his own followers would concur with the extreme Liberals on the other side; but the task is difficult, and his attempts to achieve it have hitherto consisted of a series of blunders. It is idle to purchase Irish support by advocating Papal pretensions or Galway jobs, at the cost of alienating all the respectable part of the regular Opposition. Mr. DISRAELI's memorable demand for retrenchment might possibly have been more popular if it had not been accompanied by a recommendation of absolute and habitual subserviency to the Emperor of the FRENCH. Nevertheless, it is true that if he has failed to bring his party into power, his defeat is not exclusively owing to his own want of judgment. No combination of circumstances has yet occurred which could have enabled the Opposition to defeat the Government; and, but for Mr. DISRAELI's restless energy, the old traditions of party warfare would have been interrupted, or perhaps forgotten. He may possibly be rewarded by the revival of old-fashioned hostilities in the coming Session.

Experience has shown that it is safer to attack the acts or indiscretions of particular departments, than to lead a general assault on the policy of the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he is a formidable antagonist, frequently lays himself open to criticism through his habit of inventing paradoxical reasons even for sound conclusions. In the present year, however, the Budget will not be easily assailable, as it will almost certainly include a reduction of taxes, founded on a diminution of outlay. The increase of revenue will have covered the deficiency which had for two or three years become habitual, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer can almost always exercise his own discretion in disposing of a surplus. The abolition of the paper duty is the only measure of fiscal relief which has been seriously resisted, and the ground of opposition was not that the repeal of the law was inexpedient, but that there was no surplus to justify the sacrifice. In the same year in which the paper duty was retained by the House of Lords, the duty on wine was reduced without effective resistance. In the following Session, Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded in abolishing the excise on paper, notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to transfer the reduction to the tea duty. It is invidious to propose an alternative remission when the Government offers to dispense with any special impost. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE selects direct or indirect taxes for reduction, the classes which he desires to relieve will resent the withdrawal of the boon through Mr. DISRAELI's

interference; while the objects of his own hypothetical bounty will not be proportionally grateful to a patron who has no immediate power to reduce either the income-tax or the tea duty. A change of Ministry, and perhaps a dissolution, must intervene before the production of a rival Budget, while the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will offer immediate relief as the reward of an assenting vote. If the income-tax could be reduced to sixpence, or even to sevenpence in the pound, there would be little advantage in proving that the surplus might be better employed. A recurrence to the scale of tea duties which was arranged in 1853, although it is perhaps less urgent, would be sufficiently beneficial and popular to defeat all attempts at opposition. Even if there were no remission of taxes, a diminution in the army and navy estimates would tend to defeat the factious alliance with Mr. COBDEN. In representing himself as the advocate of retrenchment, Mr. DISRAELI lost the opportunity of becoming the patriotic champion of national defences. His denunciations of the extravagance of the Ministry will not be easily reconciled with the censure which he might be inclined to direct against unseasonable parsimony.

On the whole, the Government may consider itself unusually secure on the side of Mr. GLADSTONE, so that it will be at leisure to meet any embarrassments which may arise from Lord RUSSELL's epistolary fluency. Lord DERBY will have ample materials for an amusing speech, and, if the wonderful project of installing the POPE at Malta had, by some inconceivable chance, been realized, so capricious a blunder might, perhaps, have been fatal to the Government. An idle conversation and an abortive crotchet may provoke Parliament to laughter but not to indignant censure; and Lord RUSSELL, as a practised debater, will not want materials for recrimination against his assailant. It was, after all, not so absurd to offer the POPE a residence in an English possession as to assert that the maintenance of the Temporal Power was a necessary part of English policy. The more recent mistake may be plausibly ascribed to an excess of generous sympathy with the cause of Italian independence; nor will the irritation which the report produced among French politicians affect the judgment or the feelings of Parliament. On the Italian question in general, Lord RUSSELL represents English opinion, which Lord DERBY has repeatedly defied with imprudent sincerity. In the last session Mr. DISRAELI protested against the possible retirement of the POPE to France, as a grave political danger. It is difficult to say whether it is more unwise to invite the POPE to Malta or to object to his settling at Avignon. The leaders of the Opposition will find little difficulty in exposing some errors in the foreign policy of the Government; but, if past experience may be trusted, as soon as they propound a system of their own they will offend the feeling of the country and alienate a large section of their own supporters. In maintaining close friendship with Italy, and in encouraging the aspirations of Greece, Lord PALMERSTON's Government has extended the influence and satisfied the conscience of England. The proposal of surrendering the Ionian Protectorate will no doubt be fully discussed, but it may be questioned whether the majority of the House of Commons will be disposed to censure strongly the conduct of the Government.

The leaders of the Opposition will probably be imprudent enough to pledge themselves to the immediate recognition of the Confederate States. A well-founded conviction that the Union can never be restored by no means justifies an official declaration that it is finally dissolved. As long as the Federal armies are quartered in formidable strength on Confederate territory, a recognition of the insurgent Government would be in direct violation of all established precedent; and even if all legal objections were removed, it would be absurd and useless to commence a diplomatic intercourse with a State which is shut out from the rest of the world by a blockade. A more

conclusive argument against any attack on the neutral policy of the Ministry is to be found in the certainty that three-fourths of the House of Commons would oppose any direct or indirect project of intervention. No amount of vague declamation on Lancashire distress will obscure the clear perception that war would be unjustifiable, and that any measure short of war would be ineffectual. The employment of friendly offices between the belligerents is unobjectionable in theory; but the Government for the time being must necessarily be the judge of the time and occasion for negotiation. Mr. DISRAELI will probably confine himself to sarcasm and general censure in dealing with American topics. There is no question on which the Government is more secure against practical opposition. The vituperation which has been heaped upon England both by the North and by the South is the best proof of the wisdom of total abstinence from a participation in an alien quarrel.

Although it is not easy to conjecture the possible occasion of a Ministerial defeat, there will be no difficulty in finding an excuse for a change of Government, if the House of Commons really desires it. The China vote and the Conspiracy vote had been previously unforeseen, and in both instances an irritable feeling against the Government rendered a coalition of hostile sections practicable. Lord PALMERSTON's more sanguine opponents believe that his hold on Parliament and the country is once more shaken, and if their opinion is well founded, the most insignificant proposition may serve for the foundation of a damaging or decisive division. In the last extremity, the MINISTER would almost certainly resort to a dissolution; and the dislike of members to precipitate a meeting with their constituents will moderate their zeal in opposition. As Lord DERBY dissolved four years ago, no plausible objection could be raised to the employment of the same resource by Lord PALMERSTON. On the whole, the Government has a chance, but by no means a certainty, of surviving the Session.

PRUSSIA.

IT appears to be the mission of the King of PRUSSIA to train his subjects in the doctrines of constitutional law. He at once prevents Constitutional Government getting a feeble hold of the people by winning too easy a triumph; and he manages, with a kind of heaven-directed innocence, to lead his subjects to the very points which it is most necessary they should thoroughly comprehend, and have well settled once for all. It may be confidently asserted that the two cardinal maxims of Constitutional Government are, that the people shall only be taxed by its representatives, and that the Ministers of the Crown are responsible to the nation. These are the two doctrines, a recognition of which the King of PRUSSIA is now forcing on his subjects. Last year the Ministry could not get the supplies they wanted for the army, and the KING announced that, if a proper Budget were not granted, he must do without a Budget, and tax the people as he pleased. This provoked an opposition so firm, so unanimous, and so moderate, as to have done more for the political education of Prussia than a quarter of a century of more placid times could have been expected to have done. The question was put to the whole of the nation, in the most striking form possible, whether the Constitution was to be a mere farce or not; and there could be no doubt what the answer of the nation was. But the interval between the close of the last and the opening of the present Session was marked, not only by the growth of a strong national feeling against the pretensions of the Crown, but also by a most injudicious attempt of the Ministry to hoodwink the opinion of Europe, and to confuse the convictions of Prussians themselves, by a series of sham deputations, which were supposed to be rushing to the foot of the throne in a burning desire to vindicate faithful Prussia from the imputation of any intention of thwarting and opposing her beloved Sovereign. When, therefore, the House of Representatives again met, it had not only to reassert its exclusive right to tax the people, but it was moved with a natural wish to express its indignation and its contempt for the Ministers. M. von BISMARCK—whether under what is called in France “the inspiration of the highest influences,” or from a personal ignorance of, or disregard for, the position of Ministers in a constitutional country—boldly asserted that no distinction could be made between the KING and his Government, and that to blame the Ministers was to insult the Crown. The House appears to have done the wisest thing it could. It simply laughed at the Minister, and proceeded to draw up and discuss its Address. There was still sufficient tenderness for the feelings of the KING in Prussia, to make some among the Liberal members hesitate at first whether the Address

should tell the truths that have to be told simply and severely. But the bulk of the Liberal party were very properly of opinion that, if they conceived the two cardinal doctrines of Constitutional Government to be at stake, they had better not be timid or reserved in the language they used; and they decided that the KING ought to have it brought before him, in such a way as to preclude all mistake, that he is setting himself against the feeling, and opinion, and sense of right of their country. An Address framed in this spirit was proposed to the Chamber, and has been carried by an overwhelming majority.

At first sight it may be thought strange that the KING can possibly think he has a shadow of justification, and that the nation still seems so far to understand and sympathize with him that there appears to be no personal hostility to him, and nothing in the least like disloyalty or disaffection. The Prussians evidently think that the KING is wrong, and mistaken, and misled, but not that he is treacherous or inclined to break his word, and to govern in defiance of his pledges. The reason probably is, that Prussia is passing through a transition which it took England a very long time to pass through—the transition from a country with a Constitution to a country with a Constitutional Government. What the KING evidently understands by a Constitution—and what, it must be confessed, many Continental nations in our own days are content a Constitution should mean—is an agreement that the Sovereign will govern, but will put himself, in governing, under certain restraints. He will allow his subjects, for example, to know what is going on in the administration of affairs; he will let the laws reach all men equally; he will not persecute those with whom he differs in religion. But he is still to govern. He is to defend the country from foes within and without. He is to have an army which he undertakes shall be an efficient one, and with which he will ward off or defeat invaders. He is to take his proper part in the councils of Europe, and to see that the interests of his country are carefully provided for. He is to select the men best fitted to carry on his government, and to give or withdraw his confidence and favour as he pleases. For a great many centuries after Englishmen had constitutional rights, this was very much the theory of the Court of England; and it is not to be wondered at that a Monarchy which has only had for a hundred years an existence worth speaking of, which owed that existence to a military despotism more rigid than the despotisms which surrounded it, which has only recently bound itself by a Constitution, and which regarded that Constitution as a wonderful act of grace and favour, should cling to this theory as long as it can. It seems to the KING like turning the work upside down, that he, the successor of the great FREDERICK, should be obliged to ask a pack of traders and professors how large an army he may have, and that he should be told that the Count he selects to be his chief Minister is not the right sort of man for the place. Most happily for Prussia, the nation comprehends the view taken by the KING, and is anxious to avoid a direct collision with his authority, while at the same time it is quite resolute in its determination to have the Royal theory of the Constitution exploded, and the theory of real Constitutional Government substituted. A wise Sovereign might easily take advantage of the present crisis to gain great fame and popularity, and at the same time to retain all that is substantial in kingly power. WILLIAM I. is far too obstinate and dull to take this advantage; but he has to do with a long-suffering people, and if he is brought to make concessions, he will probably have the satisfaction of finding that they are eagerly welcomed, and all his opposition and hesitation readily forgotten.

M. VON BISMARCK thought it incumbent on him to give an official denial to the charge that he has sought to quiet the public at home by getting up difficulties abroad. But this denial was official, and no one probably looked on it as more than a piece of formal business. It is, perhaps, untrue that the purpose of the Minister had been, consciously to himself, to effect this stroke of policy; but he has undoubtedly been willing to make it clear to his countrymen that, although he is unconstitutional in Prussia itself, he pursues what is generally considered the standing policy of a Liberal Ministry in Prussia when he deals with neighbouring States. The reaction which gave M. MANTEUFFEL so long a lease of power was intimately associated with the supreme influence of Austria at Berlin. A Minister, therefore, who, like M. VON BISMARCK, goes out of his way to annoy and oppose Austria, gives a pledge to his countrymen that he is not a party to any general conspiracy in the interests of despotism. But a general opposition to Austria is nothing to the step which Prussia has lately

taken at Frankfort. As all parties are agreed that the Bund must be reformed, each party is trying to have it reformed so as to suit its own purposes; and Austria recently proposed a plan of reform which, while of a nominal character for all the purposes which the Bund ought to serve, was yet contrived to suit the views of South Germany. Prussia, as was to be expected, used her utmost efforts to defeat this, and managed to obtain a majority, although a bare majority, against the proposal. But this was not all. The representative of Prussia was instructed to say that his Government would consider all reforms of the Federal League incomplete which did not include the institution of a great assembly to be elected by the German people. This is the very thing, of all others, most hateful to the petty Sovereigns of the League, and most desired by the national and liberal party in every State. Prussia, therefore, in making this declaration, took a great step forward towards making herself the head and champion of this party. An assembly of representatives of the German people is a mere castle in the air at present, but it is a castle in the air that haunts the minds of the enthusiastic and aspiring portion of the nation; and Prussia, by encouraging the hope that it will some day be built on solid ground, cuts herself from the reactionary party in Germany, which looks on all great assemblies as snares and delusions. The firmness, too, with which the Prussian Ministry has forced on Germany the Commercial Treaty with France, is another sign that, in their opinion, Prussia ought to play a part more independent and liberal than she has done. The mistake of M. VON BISMARCK and his colleagues—if they really make it, and do not merely pretend to make it to please the KING—is, that they suppose it possible to pursue a liberal policy abroad, and to stand upon Divine right and the irresponsibility of Ministers at home. We may be sure that the two things cannot go on together, and if the King of Prussia takes to advocating the claims of the German people to a national representation, he must learn to think a little differently of himself and his position, and be content with the sad and humble lot of a crowned and anointed Monarch, who must ask people for their money before he spends it on soldiering, and who must dismiss his Ministers when they are unpopular.

AMERICA.

IF the termination of the American war is already possible, the cautious and conciliatory proposal of the French Government may facilitate the commencement of negotiations. The offer of mediation which was formerly discountenanced by England and Russia involved an armistice by sea which would have established the independence of the Confederacy by putting an end to the blockade. The Emperor NAPOLEON is now careful to profess his friendship for the Government of Washington, and to explain that negotiation between the belligerents would not be inconsistent with the continuance of hostilities. Remark, with truth, that recourse to the good offices of foreign Powers is not incompatible with the dignity of a great people, the Emperor suggests the alternative of dispensing with foreign mediation. Representatives from both parties might meet in a city which could be declared neutral, and they might consider "whether secession is the unavoidable extremity, and whether the recollection of former times and common interests is not more powerful than the causes which have brought the two peoples under arms." The English Government has probably not been invited to concur in the recent overture, which is unexceptionable in its form and in its apparent purpose. The professed antipathy of the Federal States to England would ensure a discourteous reply to any proposal which could be perverted into an attempt at interference; and, in the interests of peace, it is better to profit by the untiring deference of the Northern Americans to the Imperial Government of France. The Cabinet of Washington will not be offended by the contemporaneous project of establishing a Latin Empire as a rival to the United States in the Western hemisphere. The French despatch offers no special facilities for negotiation, but it may furnish an excuse for advances towards the Confederate Government. The Democrats will not fail to urge the expediency of a compromise, and, by an odd coincidence, the principal organ of the Abolitionists in New York has lately recommended the acceptance of foreign mediation. It is not in North American nature to approve of any arbitrator, except on the assumption that he is pledged as a partisan; and accordingly Switzerland is selected as umpire, on the ground that the Federal Government some years ago suppressed by force the secession of the Sonderbund. As, however, the South might object to the choice, it is hinted that the mediation of Russia would not be absolutely inadmissible. If the

extreme Republicans really concur with the Democrats in a desire to terminate the war, the French proposal may not improbably lead to negotiation, although an armistice seems at present impracticable. The announcement in Congress, that it will be necessary to borrow two millions sterling a week for the next six months, might well convince prudent politicians of the expediency of terminating the conflict.

The balanced fortunes of the war show the improbability of a decisive result. The Federal defeat at Fredericksburg has been balanced at Murfreesborough, by the first Northern victory in a great pitched battle which has yet been achieved. In the still more recent attack on Vicksburg, the Federal troops have been utterly defeated; but the flotilla which had conveyed the besieging army took the opportunity of its retreat to capture a body of Confederates which is said to have consisted of 7,000 men. Farther South, General BANKS and Admiral FARRAGUT are supposed to have suffered a repulse at Port Hudson. In the State of Mississippi, General GRANT has fallen back on Oxford, having probably lost his railway communication with the North; and in Tennessee, the Confederates, now commanded by General LONGSTREET, are once more threatening General ROSENCRANZ, and intercepting his supplies. In the remotest part of the former Union, General MAGRUDER has re-captured the capital of Texas; and one of the ships which guarded the fort during the Northern occupation now sails under the Confederate flag. A contest at once so bloody and so indecisive proves, not that the assailant is over-matched, but that he is not strong enough to terminate the war by conquest and subjugation. The Seceding States, though they have retired from their original frontiers, have abundantly proved their power and will to maintain their independent organization. The danger arising from their defeat at Murfreesborough is not that the Confederate Government will be forced to submit, but that the upland region of Eastern Tennessee will, like Western Virginia, ultimately form a part of the Northern Union. If a peace were now concluded on the basis of the actual position of the belligerents, the larger portion of the Border States would be separated from the South, with which they were formerly identified in sentiment and policy. The mouths of the Mississippi, with a great part of Louisiana, are still occupied by Federal troops, but in any possible negotiation the Confederacy would insist on the recovery of New Orleans, and of the different points on the seacoast which have been seized by the invaders. On the whole, the progress and prospects of the campaign offer no obstacle to the early conclusion of peace. Notwithstanding their courage and their great resources, both belligerents must require repose, and the Confederates more especially would have reason to welcome relief from their unexampled exertions and sufferings. They are well aware that the Democrats, who are rapidly resuming their former influence in the North, consistently protested, down to the outbreak of the war, against the right of coercion. In any negotiation for peace, the Confederates would have in part to deal with sympathetic politicians, who participate in the Southern abhorrence of New England, and consider Abolitionism more objectionable than slaveholding.

Nevertheless, the political obstacles to a compromise seem at present almost insuperable. If any meaning can be attached to Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's recent declarations—and, more especially, to his important Message to the Southern Congress—the Confederate Government will absolutely refuse to treat on any footing except the recognition of independence. Maryland, Kentucky, and Western Virginia might be abandoned under the pressure of necessity, and the South has repeatedly offered the amplest guarantees for the free navigation of the Mississippi; and the arrangement of commercial relations along the land frontier, although it would raise many complications, might be adjusted by aid of the mutual compromises which must ultimately be devised whenever the war comes to an end. Notwithstanding the boastful language of the North, it seems possible that the independence of the Southern States might even now be conceded. Acquiescence in secession was almost as universal, two years ago, as the apparent unanimity in warlike measures which followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter; and neither the South nor the North would have entered into the contest, if its extent and bitterness had been understood beforehand. Both parties have since had opportunity to profit by experience; and the recognition of Southern rights, which was almost volunteered at the beginning of 1861, would be recommended in 1863 by more conclusive arguments. Mr. SEYMOUR, Governor of New York, who is now perhaps the principal leader of the Democratic party, was one of the first to proclaim the impossibility of reclaiming the seceders by force. Mr. SEWARD himself expressed a similar opinion only a few months before he

commenced the ridiculous series of despatches in which he informed foreign Powers of the certainty that the Union would be restored by the triumph of Federal arms. If the Republicans had not unnecessarily envenomed the contest, their political opponents might still have a chance of repairing the blunders of the Government.

Mr. LINCOLN'S Proclamation places the most insurmountable impediment in the way of peaceful negotiation. Even if the just resentment which it has provoked were to yield to considerations of prudence, the lawless confiscation of slave property can neither be acknowledged by the South nor readily repudiated by the North. The alternative of pecuniary compensation would not be accepted by the Confederate Government; nor is it credible that any Federal Commissioner would undertake to pay four hundred millions sterling as the price of property belonging to a foreign and independent community. The leading politicians of the South feel a double indignation at a policy which purports at the same time to produce social and political revolution. General BUTLER informs applauding audiences, in New York and Boston, that at New Orleans he had deliberately converted the struggle into a war of the poor against the rich. The part of ROBIN HOOD, or of the unjust giant in the *Fairy Queen*, has in all ages been admired by the populace. A certain portion of wisdom, of knowledge, and of honesty is required to appreciate the wickedness of bribing the lower classes into treason by offering them the plunder of their betters. Mr. P. A. TAYLOR lately informed his constituents at Leicester that the real seceders were only three or four hundred thousand slaveholders, who were surrounded by six millions of penniless idlers, equally unconnected with capital and with labour. As the population which is insolently nicknamed "the mean whites" is certainly not maintained by a poor-rate, it is difficult to understand how it survives and multiplies without either property or wages. If General BUTLER or Mr. TAYLOR were in the right, the leaders of secession would have proved, by their organization of the whole community for the purpose of the war, a genius for command which would fully justify their political supremacy. The truth is—as Mr. BLAIR, of Missouri, some time since explained in Congress—that the poorer white inhabitants of the Southern States resent even more bitterly than the landowners any attempt to place the negroes on an equality with themselves, or to bring them into competition for employment. General BUTLER'S scheme of dividing a contented population, by appealing to the envy and cupidity of the poor, is not less unpardonable than Mr. LINCOLN'S reckless invitation to a servile massacre.

For the purpose of the present argument, it is sufficient to point out that if peace is for the time unattainable, the responsibility rests with the Abolitionists, with the violent Republicans, and, above all, with the Government. While soldiers like McCLELLAN and ROSENCRANZ have been prosecuting the struggle by legitimate methods, civilian upstarts, including General BUTLER, have done their utmost to carry on war so as to render reconciliation impossible. Even the Federal Cabinet, if negotiations were opened, could scarcely instruct its agents to demand either the universal emancipation of the slaves, or the spoliation of the owners of property for the benefit of the poor. The clients who have been wantonly retained must be abandoned by their officious patrons, if any attempt is made to escape from the necessity of an internecine war. If the South were willing to return to the Union, still larger concessions must be made to the champions of Southern rights and Southern institutions. By surrendering the claim to independence, Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS might perhaps compel his bitterest opponents to sacrifice, in exchange, all the principles which they have professed since the beginning of the war. As the recognition of the Confederacy by the North will be the first condition of peace, it seems incredible that the threats which have been held out by Mr. LINCOLN and his lieutenants can, for the present, be either retracted on one side or tolerated by the other.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

IT was a matter of reasonable expectation that the Great Exhibition would be better appreciated abroad than it has been here. A lion, like a prophet, seldom receives honour in his own country. The Exhibitors in England have been disappointed of the State pageant which was promised to them; and the disappointment has been embittered by the singularly insulting character of the reason which was alleged in its excuse. It was not worth while, they were told, to give the Prince of WALES the trouble of distributing the

prizes to them, because they and their affairs were so profoundly uninteresting to the British public, that even the presence of a Prince would not suffice to secure a decent attendance of spectators. No such derogatory apprehensions were felt, or at least expressed, in Paris. The Exhibitors there enjoyed the benefit, whatever it might have been, of all the pretentious ceremonial in which the Second Empire delights to disport itself on occasions of political importance. The honours conferred on them by Imperial favour were most appropriately bestowed. They had done their part well in a great show—and in France shows are a matter of serious State policy. They are the cheap defence of order—the breakwater which the Saviour of society opposes to the revolutionary passions of his people. The love of freedom may be strong in France; but the love of sights is stronger. To a Frenchman, political activity is only one—and that not the most captivating—among many forms of excitement. So long as the EMPEROR preserves his subjects from the demon of *ennui*, he may do what he likes with the liberty of the Press. He is right, therefore, to cherish shows and all who take a part in them. The English pageant did not, it is true, take place upon his territory; but it was not the less potent in furnishing employment and gossip for millions of his subjects. And the few who came over here would suffer but few influences that would have seemed demoralizing to Imperial ideas. Their experience of our institutions was too brief to have been instructive. It would have been difficult to exhibit the fruits of English modes of government in a more unprepossessing light than as they were exemplified in the management of the great Brompton show-room. No more plausible illustration could be given of the favourite doctrine of Imperialists, that what constitutional countries gain in freedom they lose in efficiency of administration.

If it had merely contained a string of compliments to the Exhibitors, there would have been nothing noteworthy in the speech of Sunday last. But the EMPEROR took the opportunity of delivering to his subjects the most remarkable lecture that ever fell from the lips of a despotic sovereign. In appearance, it was a formal renunciation of Imperial ideas. The text was England; the matter of the discourse was the superiority of English political habits and institutions to those of France. The effect upon his subjects of sentiments which would have called down a warning upon any journal that had produced them as its own, must have been startling. The simple-minded among them may perhaps have been inclined to believe that constitutional doctrines had made a convert of their arch-enemy at last. Possibly, those who do not believe in political conversions may have been disposed to think he had gone mad when they read the remarkable sentences—"You must in fact have been struck in England by the unrestricted liberty allowed to the manifestation of all opinions, as well as to the development of all interests. You have observed the perfect order maintained in the midst of lively discussions, and the dangers of competition." It is undoubtedly difficult to define with confidence the motives which prompted what seems, at first sight, so damaging a confession. The explanation which follows it, that France would enjoy the same liberties if France were good enough to deserve them, only makes the speech more unintelligible still. To the vain, self-sufficient people of France, a more irritating home truth could not possibly have been told. An enumeration of one's neighbour's merits is by far the most exasperating form of oburgation to which peccant mortality can be made to listen. If an indignant nurse wishes to aggravate dirty Master FRANKY beyond all bounds, she draws his attention to a nice new frock which has been given to his cousin, Master JOHNNY, because he is such a good clean boy.

The EMPEROR knows his subjects well; and it is probable he must have had some weighty motive adequate to counter-vail the irritation which his words were obviously calculated to produce. There is, undoubtedly, something alarming in so emphatic a declaration in favour of freedom of opinion. It is difficult to banish the recollection of another speech, addressed to another mercantile audience, which was equally emphatic, on behalf of peace. On the eve of the intrigues by which the Russian war was brought about, the EMPEROR was careful to inform the world that the Empire was Peace. In the midst of a most relentless system of Press warnings, he now pronounces an ostentatious panegyric upon freedom of opinion. The EMPEROR is a scrupulous observer of his own precedents; and he would only have been acting in consistency with his own past proceedings if he had uttered those sentences as the prelude of a new and more merciless attack upon the Press. Inasmuch, however, as it would be difficult for

him to proceed much further in this direction than he has gone already, it is a more probable conjecture that he is only engaged in counteracting the evil influences which an extension of English intercourse might be supposed to exercise. He made a true boast when he claimed to "understand his epoch." He knows, what no other European despot appears to have learned, that the advance of liberty cannot be repelled, but may be out-manœuvred. He makes no antiquated claims, and clings to no mediæval doctrines. He never meets any of the demands of modern opinion with an absolute negative. Government by representative assemblies is one of the requirements of the age, and, accordingly, he formally sets them up, with a suffrage as popular as it can be made. But what he has yielded in gross, he takes back in detail. The regulations which trammel the legislative assemblies are so contrived that they are powerless to control the Government; and, as a further precaution, the elections which supply them are so manipulated that the main body of the legislators are mere Imperial nominees. In the same spirit, the irremovability of the highest judges is fully guaranteed; but their prospects of advancement are made so to depend upon the favour of the Government that their claim to independence is nearly illusory. But the keystone of all this system is the absolute subjection of the Press. The principle of reconquering large concessions by administrative contrivances could never be carried out if each crafty manœuvre were liable to be proclaimed and criticised by acute and hostile writers. To the subjection of the Press, therefore, the EMPEROR has resolutely clung. Any other concession his skilful *employés* will take care to neutralize. But the concession that should place the whole swarm of them under a glass beehive, and expose their ingenious operations to the light of day, would be the death-warrant of Imperialism. While the Imperial rule, therefore, has gradually grown lighter upon almost every other point, it has lain heavier and heavier upon the Press. The only difficulty to the continuance of this policy is the example of England. A desire for the liberty of the Press is the one dangerous wish which a familiarity with England is likely to implant in a Frenchman's breast. It is the only fruit of English liberty which strikes the imagination of a passing sojourner. He feels no inclination to change the Government which has produced Paris for that which has produced London; but the difference between the *Times* and the *Constitutionnel* must excite some slight regret. It is evident that those whose function it is to feel the pulse of opinion in France have detected traces of some such tendency. The EMPEROR resorts to his usual strategy. He does not excite antagonism by a direct refusal. He knows that that, like all other aspirations after freedom, cannot be openly resisted, but may be easily befooled. He is perfectly ready to agree with his people upon any number of general principles; his only difference of opinion is upon the time and circumstances which are suitable for their application. He comes forward spontaneously to praise what they have all been, in their hearts, admiring. He even dwells with eloquence upon the industrial advantages which are the reward of a perfect freedom of opinion. But as regards the bestowal of that blessing upon his own country, he significantly points to the dread spectre which originally frightened France into his arms. He hints at the "incendiary torch," the "destroying" agency, the liberty that does not respect the bases upon which society and power rest. No one, he would have them to understand, is more eager for the establishment of "perfect liberty" than he is; but France, he intimates, is still a long way from having "consolidated the indispensable bases" for that dangerous gift. In other words, so long as the terror of the Red Republic can be appealed to with effect, so long the newspaper press will remain enslaved. How the political education necessary for the exercise of perfect liberty is ever to be attained by a people who are barred from the interchange of political thought, is a problem which he has not deemed it necessary to solve.

POLAND.

THE wrongs and sufferings of Poland once more arouse the indignation of Europe against cruel and blundering misrule, and call forth the sympathy due to its unhappy victims. The chronic disaffection of an oppressed people, whose attachment an alien Government has rarely made even a pretence of seeking to conciliate, has again exploded in revolt, under the pressure of an intolerable act of administrative tyranny; and again the strength of military despotism is tasked to repress and punish "revolutionary excesses" which are but the result and reaction of worse excesses of its own. It is not

difficult to anticipate the issue of a struggle between the forces of the Russian Empire and scattered bands of half-armed and starving insurgents, fighting without leaders, without military organization, and without a plan. Sooner or later, "order" will be only too effectually restored, and the hapless survivors of an abortive struggle will expiate their rashness in the mines of Siberia, or in the condemned regiments of the Imperial army. But these are not days when opinion sides with power, simply as power. The moral judgment of Europe will reach, with censures which cannot be safely disregarded, the responsible authors of this latest outbreak of a much-enduring race.

Now that we are beginning to learn something more of the nature and causes of the rising of the 22nd inst. than was to be gathered from the brief hints conveyed in official telegrams, it is not wholly impossible to understand the impulse which has driven thousands of the youth of Poland into hopeless revolt against a power which enthusiasm itself can hardly have dreamed of successfully resisting. The Russian accounts tell us of the "machinations of the revolutionary party," of a meditated "second massacre of St. Bartholomew," and the like; and it is true that the first reported movements of the insurgents indicate an amount of concert which may be reasonably attributed to the influence of a secret organization. There are few traces, however, in their proceedings, of a distinct political purpose of any kind, and the insurrection appears to have been mainly an outburst of natural rage and terror against the attempted enforcement of a measure of unbearable cruelty. There is no occasion to look beyond the simple fact that, for the first time since the death of the Emperor NICHOLAS, the Russian Government had determined on carrying out the conscription in Poland, and on carrying it out in a form of iniquitous partiality which almost passes belief. Instead of levying its compulsory recruits in the old way by lot, we are told that the authorities arbitrarily designated those whom they deemed best fitted for the service, and, moreover, that they filled up the lists exclusively from the population of the towns. This inconceivably tyrannical measure—determined upon, it is said, after long hesitation, and in opposition to the earnest advice and remonstrances of so eminent a servant of the Imperial Crown as Prince ORLOFF—was actually brought into operation about the middle of the present month. Nightly razzias were made by the military and police in the homes of the young men doomed by this fearful decree, and thousands of youths were torn from their families to undergo life-long exile in its worst form. If it be true, as there is no reason to doubt, that the terror caused by this measure was the immediate cause of the outbreak which ensued, the sequel is only too intelligible. Whatever may be said of the madness of the rising, or of the actual or imaginary atrocities by which it was accompanied, the real responsibility for these deplorable occurrences does not rest with the victims of an outrage on the commonest justice and humanity.

The only consolatory reflection which it is possible to educe from the accounts of this calamitous event is, that it does not appear that the great bulk of the Polish people have done anything to excite the vindictive jealousy of their masters. Happily, the great landed proprietors, and the educated classes generally, are acknowledged to have kept wholly aloof from participation in a revolt which in no possible contingency can promote the cause of Polish liberty. It is also expressly stated that the peasants have nowhere taken part in the movement, which is represented as chiefly confined to a portion of the town population. It appears to be beyond a doubt that these disastrous disturbances in no way implicate the mass of the nation or its natural leaders; and we are at liberty, therefore, to hope that their suppression will not be followed by harsh and violent measures against the Polish people. From the very first, we have been assured, in repeated telegrams, that "Warsaw is tranquil"—as, indeed, it well may be in the presence of a Russian garrison of 40,000 men. The students, as a body, are distinctly declared to have refused to join in the movement; and, apart from the reported arrest of a few priests on the charge of distributing revolutionary writings, nothing is specifically alleged tending to connect the representatives of the popular religion with the revolt. The insurrection cannot, therefore, be regarded as a rising of the country against alien rule, as such. The Emperor ALEXANDER himself, with creditable prudence and moderation, has been prompt to acknowledge this, and to exonerate the Poles from national complicity in the outbreak. "Even in presence of these atrocities," he "will not accuse the whole Polish nation." Dispassionate critics may have their own opinion of the justice of his invective against "that revolutionary party

"which everywhere seeks to overturn legal order;" but it is something gained to humanity that the first impulse of an offended Sovereign points in the direction of justice and mercy. Where NICHOLAS would have "rung a bell, and directed the aide-de-camp who answered it to give orders" stamped with the impress of his own ruthless and vindictive nature, his successor's first thought is to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, and to disclaim all thought of indicting a whole people. It is to be hoped that nothing may occur in the progress of this lamentable conflict between military authority and popular frenzy to change a purpose which accords with all that we wish to believe of the mind and temper of the present Emperor of RUSSIA.

Whether the inevitable suppression of this latest outburst of Polish misery and disaffection be near or distant, policy as well as humanity dictates a steady persistence in that conciliatory course which has hitherto, in the main, distinguished the administration of ALEXANDER II. from that of his predecessor. When the Imperial authority is asserted, and the order which reigns at Warsaw is once more established throughout Poland, it may be hoped that other thoughts and cares will resume their wonted place in the mind of a Sovereign who has given proof of a sincere desire to merit the esteem and goodwill of mankind. It does not appear that there is anything in the causes and circumstances of the present revolt to afford either a motive or a pretext for the withdrawal of promises and professions which have heretofore been put forth with the view of reconciling Poland to the Imperial rule. There is nothing that need suggest to the EMPEROR'S mind that it was an error to restore confiscated estates, to appoint Poles to places of authority and trust in the local administration, or to hold out a prospect of at least that qualified provincial independence which is compatible with the unity of the Empire. It is certain that a discontented, miserable, and despairing Poland is a permanent weakness to Russia; and it is equally certain that the old way of dealing with Polish discontents has proved a failure. The experience of thirty years has more than sufficiently proved that the whole strength of military despotism, wielded with an energy that knows no scruples and with a pitiless severity that shrinks from no extremity of violence, is unequal to the task of extirpating a nationality which has survived two territorial partitions, and confiscations and proscriptions without number. It is not certain that the work of conciliating and attaching Poland to the Empire is hopelessly impossible. Such impossibilities are not unknown to history; but it would be rash to assert that the position of Russia in Poland, like that of Austria in Venetia, is such as to put it past the power of statesmanship to win a willing allegiance by a just and generous system of rule. Rather, perhaps, may we seek in the Ireland of the past the true analogy to the Poland of the present. At all events it cannot be said that the impracticability of conquering Poland by humane and equitable government has been experimentally ascertained. There is no ground for the assumption that the regeneration of Poland as a prosperous and contented dependency of the Empire is intrinsically a more desperate enterprise than the great social revolution on which ALEXANDER II. has so manfully staked his reputation and authority; and the Sovereign who gallantly persists, through all difficulties and perils, in thinking it practicable and safe to abolish Russian serfdom, may fairly be expected to believe no less resolutely in the possibility of extinguishing Polish disaffection. He is not responsible for the evil legacy which he has inherited from his predecessors; but the public opinion of Europe does and will hold him answerable for a future which is still within his own power.

THE POPE'S REFORMS.

WHEN it was announced, in the course of the autumn, that the POPE was about to reform his administration, it was naturally inferred that the unexpected concession formed one of the terms of a bargain with the Emperor of the FRENCH. The President of the Senate, in his recent Address, affirmed with equal truth that the Italians had relinquished their designs on Rome, and that the POPE had taken measures to reconcile his subjects to the continuance of the Temporal Power. The Senate would have done well to take a hint from the omission in the Imperial Speech of all allusion to Papal reforms. The elaborate document which has been published by the Parisian organ of the Holy See consists almost entirely of a complacent exposition of the administrative constitution of the State. According to the *France*, the communication ought to be regarded as an extraordinary compliment to the EMPEROR'S Government, for the

Holy See would never have condescended to enter into such details, except in full assurance of the sympathy which would reward so flattering a confidence. It is perhaps difficult for a great and independent nation to appreciate justly the relations between a supreme Pontiff and his indispensable protectors, but it would seem that a less devoted critic might take an opposite view of the official Roman apology. The POPE has been repeatedly warned by France, and in former times by all the Great Powers, that his administration was detestable, that his institutions were absurd, and that his subjects were more shamefully misgoverned than any population in Europe. In return for the friendly advice of his patron, the POPE publishes an account of his own government, which may serve henceforward for a Roman BLACKSTONE or DELOLME. The curious cultivator of useless knowledge may learn from the account of the Pontifical organization that an elaborate machinery of councils and functionaries is nominally employed in producing the misery and degradation which are really inflicted by ecclesiastical despotism. There are legates and magistrates, Ministers and Ministerial *consultas*, a Council of State, a Council of the Province, and even a council of every parish. If the Constitution had any real vitality, the absolute power of the POPE would nevertheless be secured by a careful system of nomination and of selection from lists of candidates. The humblest member of a vestry must possess due moral and religious qualifications, or, in other words, he must have a certificate of approval from the priest. In political business it is not even pretended that the different councils have any share or interest.

The official theory of a complicated bureaucracy corresponds with that Continental type of administration which is distasteful perhaps only to Englishmen; but even if the Roman laws were good in themselves, it is notorious that the Government wholly disregards them. An English inquirer into the municipal system of Rome was informed several years ago, on competent authority, that he must first find out the law supposed to be enforced, and then assume the direct opposite, if he wished to ascertain the practice. "We have excellent laws," said a Roman lawyer on the same occasion, "but no one ever observes them." For instance, the provincial councils, which ought to be composed of members freely elected, were in fact composed of the *Gonfalonieri* summoned by the Delegate of the province. It is unnecessary, however, to refer to external testimony for illustrations of the respect of the Ecclesiastical Government for its own mundane institutions. One of the scanty reforms which are now promised is defined, with a comic simplicity, as an intention to execute at last a law passed twelve years ago. "After the approaching renewal of the parish councils, the law of the 24th of December, 1850, shall be executed in that part of it which has not yet been observed, respecting the election of councillors by means of a college of electors instituted for that purpose in every parish." In the previous sketch of the administration, it had been not less gravely stated that the councils, whose constituents have yet to be created, were elected by a process which is carefully described. The effect of living in a world of fiction is curiously illustrated by the incapacity of the Papal apologist to connect words with the facts which they might be supposed to represent. The ingrained mendacity which has lost all sense of the distinction between truth and falsehood is more incurable than a deliberate propensity to deceive, although it may sometimes be less criminal. It has never occurred to the official writer that there is any reason for accommodating his language even to the most notorious results of recent history. The world is seriously informed that the Papal States include four Legations governed by as many Cardinals, and the details of the administration of Bologna or Ancona are recorded without a hint that they form a part of a hostile and independent kingdom. A formal statement which is not even professedly true seems to Northern Protestants an idle display of impertinent imbecility; but it must be admitted that the Papal Government is consistent in its disregard for the actual state of the world. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has not yet come within the sphere of ecclesiastical vision. In formal documents, "the most flourishing kingdom of England" is still known by the same title which it bore in the happy days before the Reformation, or in the fortunate reign of JAMES II.

The apologist excels himself in the assertion that "the laws in force are such as to induce the most violent enemies of the HOLY FATHER to confess, in open Parliament at Turin, that the Pontifical Government is the most paternal, and at the same time the best suited to the wants of the inhabitants." The quotation is probably taken from the speech of some reactionary fanatic, who still defends the enemies of

his country by the aid of its free institutions. The candid appeal of the conjuror to the impartial testimony of his accomplices is in the best manner of ecclesiastical disputants. The allegation that a devoted friend is one of the bitterest enemies of the Holy See is probably explained by the collective hostility of the Italian Parliament to the Roman Government. Lay controversialists might have thought it necessary to account for the extraordinary admiration of the Papal system which is attributed to its excommunicated opponents. In a document which is not intended even to produce belief, it was perhaps thought unnecessary to account for obvious contradictions.

The reforms which have been so loudly announced sound like a jest, as the grave deliverances of the Holy See often coincide with the profane levity of laymen. The law of 1850 as to parish elections is to be observed. The HOLY FATHER thinks of increasing the numbers of the Council of State and of the Committee of Finance, but he cannot properly take such a step while his affairs are in their present condition; and it would seem that the change may, without disadvantage, be indefinitely postponed. A commission of competent persons will be appointed to consider the improvements which may be required in the administration; and though the laws are already faultless, another commission will include them in a kind of code. In the commercial code, modifications will be introduced, if they are found useful and necessary. Public works and benevolent proceedings will be aided by the inexhaustible charity of the HOLY FATHER. A road is to be made from a place called Sermoneta to certain neighbouring districts, and a new dock is to be excavated at Civita Vecchia; and the Government is not far from sanctioning the project of a Company to make a branch from the Civita Vecchia Railway to Orbitello. In the interior of the State, a document proving identity is to be substituted for a passport, and subjects of the Holy See who have served under the Italian flag are to be graciously allowed to return to their homes. This ridiculous summary of proposed ameliorations is chiefly remarkable from the proof which it affords of the unteachable ignorance of the Government. Only priests would offer such a price for the abandonment of all the manly and patriotic feelings of the Roman population. It is well that the Papal Court should not be able to point even to ostensible concessions in excuse of a lawless abuse of arbitrary force. If the POPE had adopted and counter-signed all the accusations of his enemies, he could scarcely have pronounced a condemnation of his own Government more complete than the miserable apology and the puerile offers which are formally published in his name.

MR. CHASE'S MEASURES.

THE regularity with which financial affairs in America follow their anticipated course is becoming rather monotonous. There was a time when wild experiments upon a national currency had the interest which belongs to an unexplored branch of science; and even now the Americans appear to have so far succeeded in blinding themselves to the experience of Europe, as to find the excitement of surprise in the march of events which, to unimpassioned spectators, present the same aspect of unswerving obedience to scientific law that marks the succession of the seasons or the paths of the planets in their predicted course. Varied only by passing disturbances, from the influence of occasional panic or exultation, the depreciation of the paper currency goes on with a steady progress, proportioned to the rate at which the market is flooded; and the Bill which has just passed through Congress is the certain prelude to a still more serious movement in the same direction. The premium of 50 per cent. to which gold attained under the united influence of the new financial measures and the late military failures, is probably a little above the natural level of the market. It represents the crest of one of the minor undulations which diversify the surface of the great tidal wave that is ever advancing, and to advance until the war shall by some unforeseen means be brought to a close. The last advices mention a recoil of not more than two or three per cent., and it may probably be assumed that this represents the proportionate value of actual coin and Federal promises to pay.

The last measure of Mr. CHASE is a little more complex in appearance than the simple Acts which have previously been passed to authorize the issue of so many millions more of paper-money. In the result, it is not unlikely that most of the other provisions will fall dead, while it is tolerably certain that the permission to issue 60,000,000*l.* of notes, "if required by the exigencies of the public service for the

"payment of the army and navy, and other creditors of the Government," will not long sleep for want of exercise. We do not blame Mr. CHASE for his attempt to substitute other devices for the ruinous depreciation of the currency. If by some strange good luck it should enter into the minds of New York capitalists to advance money on 6 per cent. bonds, redeemable after twenty years in paper, it will be so much the better for the Government; and if the offer is rejected, the authority to make it will have been as innocent as any other nugatory enactment. If the Secretary for the Treasury is driven back at last to his one unfailing resource, he will be the victim of inevitable fate, and will not have to reproach himself with having refused a trial to other experiments which would be infinitely preferable if they had the remotest chance of success. The Bill which has been passed in fact leaves to the Executive the option of raising the requisite funds by almost any means that may be found practicable. A loan of 60,000,000*l.* may be raised on bonds if any one will tender for them. A second 60,000,000*l.* may be procured in return for interest-bearing notes, while a third sum of equal amount is intended to be produced by the issue of legal tender notes to that extent. Two other provisions of the Bill carry out the projects which Mr. CHASE indicated in his Report to the PRESIDENT. One of these imposes a tax upon the issues of private banks. The other sanctions the granting of receipts in exchange for gold, which, if we rightly interpret the very obscure language of the enactment, will be precisely equivalent to our own Bank-notes, and are intended to be employed in the payment of customs, and interest on loans, which the law still requires to be made in coin or its equivalent. This arrangement, so long as it is adhered to, is simply a matter of convenience, which will lead to no fiscal results; but when once gold receipts, payable at the public treasuries on demand, come to be used instead of bullion to pay the holders of United States stock, the way will be paved for the ultimate suspension of cash payments in respect of this as of all other national obligations. Sooner or later, the attempt still gallantly maintained to pay the interest in coin must break down, and it is perhaps as well that the last fall of the Federal credit should be broken by such a feather-bed as this new issue of gold-representing notes promises to supply.

The tax upon the banks, though legitimate enough, is fraught with much more serious consequences. Hitherto these institutions have shared with the Federal Government the profit of almost unlimited issues, and there is no form of income which could be more reasonably subjected to a moderate tax. Still, it is certain that the Banks will resent the endeavour of the State to monopolize the privilege of manufacturing money; and if Mr. CHASE had had much hope under any circumstances of placing his projected loan, he would probably have postponed a blow which will deprive him of the sympathy and aid of a large section of the moneyed interest of the country. It is true, that this observation applies with less force to New York, where the issue of notes is already subjected to conditions which would render the substitution of greenbacks a matter of comparative indifference; and it may be that Mr. CHASE looks exclusively to the New York capitalists (if to any) to take up the bonds which he is so anxious to place.

There is almost always some rate of interest at which the most risky investment will be taken by adventurous speculators; but after a certain rate of hazard has been reached, no temptation will in general suffice to find subscribers for more than a trifling amount. To raise anything like 60,000,000*l.* it is necessary to reach large sections of society, and to do so the offer must have at least the semblance of ordinary security. Whether Mr. CHASE's proposal to issue bonds bearing 6*l.* per cent. interest, payable in coin, will be thought sufficiently safe to attract ordinary purchasers, may be doubted. If there were, or could be, any guarantee that the interest would always be paid in coin, or indeed at all, the bonds might perhaps be disposed of. The only limitation on the price imposed by the bill is, that the bonds are to be sold for not less than par in Federal notes. That means, at the present quotations, that the bonds will produce interest at 9 per cent., and as the premium on gold advances, the rate of interest which Mr. CHASE can offer will continually increase. Whether these, or any other terms, will counterbalance the fear of ultimate repudiation, or repayment in worthless paper, is more than doubtful. The interviews between the Minister and the leading bankers are reported to have been unsatisfactory; and probably Mr. CHASE has only asked authority to contract a formal loan, as a forlorn hope which it was his duty not to preclude himself from attempting. The second project contained in the Bill is apparently devised for the purpose of

creating a forced loan, in the event of voluntary subscriptions not being forthcoming. The SECRETARY to the TREASURY is authorized to issue, in payment of creditors, what are called interest-bearing notes, in denominations of not less than 2*l*. The interest, as in the case of the bonds, is to be payable in coin, and is to be at the rate of 5½ per cent. These notes are to be receivable for taxes, except Customs (which are payable only in coin), and for all debts and demands due to the United States. It is true that it is only those creditors who may be willing to receive payment in this form who will have to take the new class of notes; but it is generally easy to make a creditor, without legal means of redress, sensible that he must exercise such an option in a reasonable manner, if he desires to be paid without infinite delay. A needy man who is under the necessity of borrowing often finds that he requires to invest largely in champagne, and it is possible that United States contractors may see the wisdom of taking part of their claims in Federal obligations. So far as these influences operate, the process will be strictly analogous to a forced loan.

Creditors of the Government will be pressed to take interest-notes in satisfaction of their demands. These notes are to be exchangeable at the will of the holder for 6 per cent. bonds, and, in fact, represent in substance the small change of that description of stock. As the notes will, for the most part, be useless except to hold as investments or to sell on the Exchange, they will speedily be converted into bonds of equal credit, bearing ½ per cent. more interest; and in this way, through the medium of the creditors of the Government, a forced loan may be placed, so long as the Treasury is able to obtain creditors at all. No one will pity contractors who may be compelled to accept stock in lieu even of such cash as has hitherto passed current in the Federal States, but future speculators will of course indemnify themselves by increased prices against the loss which legislation may cast upon them. Every device by which a country without revenue or credit sufficient for its expenditure can possibly raise money is a form of confiscation, whether it be the equivalent of the old plan of debasing coined money, or the equally common practice of a forced loan. But by such methods Mr. CHASE is levying the needful taxation quite as fairly as if he had imposed an income-tax similar to our own, and the plan has the immense advantage of precluding the possibility of evasion. If it were not for the derangement of trade by the fluctuation in the value of money, and the ultimate sacrifice of reputation when the day of repudiation comes, no scheme of taxation would be comparable to a systematic over-issue of notes. And if any one should reproach Mr. CHASE with his recklessness in tampering with the once irreproachable credit of the United States, he has the conclusive answer that, but for this resource, he could by no possibility have maintained a war for the destruction of his country.

THE INDIA CONTRACT BILL.

INDIAN questions are proverbially uninteresting to Englishmen at home; and even in India they appear to be so far uninteresting to that section of the public represented by the local English press, that no attention is paid to the arguments even of the highest Indian authorities. It is in vain that the Government at Calcutta publishes any of the more remarkable papers which are contributed at the request of the SECRETARY of STATE by members of the Home Council, whose names even ignorance and faction cannot pretend to despise. No one in India will take the trouble to look at them; and in the same way, in England, it appears hopeless to invite that class of reasoners about India who answer most nearly to the unofficial Europeans of Calcutta, to get up the facts about which they speak, and to examine the arguments they affect to refute. The speech just delivered by the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is a model of talk about India, without inquiry into any facts except those that are furnished or fabricated by what is termed the independent interest at Calcutta. But, on the other hand, to those who will study them, Indian questions have this great attraction, that they afford the interest that always attends considerable political and social questions which, to a great degree, are to be settled by pure hard reasoning. We can argue Indian topics, provided we have reliable data, with an absence of attention to ephemeral politics, and a latitude of speculative inquiry, which are necessarily unknown in dealing with what is going on in England. The papers in which Mr. MANGLES and Sir JOHN LAWRENCE argued the opposite sides of the discussion on the settlement of the Land Revenue, have for English readers exactly the same interest which is offered by inquiries made by competent though diverging authorities into the more abstruse and delicate problems of political

economy. The Contract Bill takes us into an inquiry which presents an almost equal area of theoretical subtlety, although perhaps we may find it easier to come to a conclusion. The last mail has brought the reports of the meeting of the Council at which the Bill proposed by Mr. RITCHIE was withdrawn; and although the occasion forbade any full exposition of argument, and some of the ablest speakers were restrained by personal considerations from expressing any confident opinion, enough was said to show clearly what are the different conceptions of law and policy which lie at the bottom of one of the keenest controversies that has vexed the government of modern India.

The reasons for desiring a new legislative act, which shall make breaches of contract criminal on the part of those employed in agriculture, are partly political and partly legal. In the first place, it is supposed, or assumed, that the civil courts afford no sufficient remedy, and that adventurous Europeans are deterred from making that harvest in India which ought to reward and stimulate enterprise. It is also said that it will be a most useful means of educating the natives, to teach them, by a sharp and bitter experience, how many things are fraudulent, and to be punished as fraudulent, which they thought legitimate displays of cunning. But the reply to these arguments is not difficult. The Civil Courts ought to provide a sufficient remedy, if the wrong complained of is of a purely civil character; and if they do not, either they ought to be reformed, or the complainants ought to exercise a little patience, and see whether the new Civil Procedure Act will not provide almost all that is wanted. If the wrong is not of a civil character, then it belongs to other courts to deal with it, and thus the legal question as to the true character of the transaction is the only important one. Whether Europeans are or are not likely to resign their hopes of making fortunes in India because they cannot get criminal remedies against those with whom they contract, is a problem of a very doubtful and speculative character; but if the transaction is not properly one for the criminal law, the natives cannot with any show of justice be treated as criminals, in order to encourage Englishmen to grow rich. We may, therefore, really clear away all other considerations, and attend only to the legal aspect of the question. Is the breach of contract alleged fraudulent in the sense in which the criminal law speaks of fraud? All parties agree that, *primæ facie*, it is not. The ryot borrows money on his future crop, and fails to repay what he borrows. He is in law like a tenant who does not pay his rent, or a master who does not pay his servant wages for labour done. The ryot has had the money, and then does not pay back the equivalent for it, just as the tenant has had the house, and the master the labour, without paying the equivalent. But then it is said that, in this particular case of the ryot receiving the money, there are exceptional circumstances which clothe his conduct with a character of fraud, and that penal legislation should take cognizance of this fact. In order to determine this, it is necessary to know exactly what it is that the ryot does.

What happens is this. It is the indigo planter alone who wishes for the alteration of the law, and whose contracts create the difficulty. The ryot does not wish to grow indigo. It is not a paying crop for him. Whatever the market price of indigo may be, the price at which the indigo grown by the ryot is taken by the European speculator does not pay the ryot, although indigo answers as a speculation, because the speculator is able to fix the price at which the ryot shall be paid. It is of no use producing indigo in the raw state, and to get it to market it must be subjected to various processes, which place it in the rank of a manufacture. But all the factories are in the hands of Europeans, and, therefore, there is really no competition. In a variety of ways, however, a wealthy planter is able to exercise a pressure on the ryots in his neighbourhood, and he manages to make them devote a certain portion of their acreage to the growth of indigo. He makes advances to the cultivators, which they are to repay out of the crop when grown. But they work with no heart in their labour. All is against the grain with them. They hate the task that is forced on them. They will not weed the indigo in the proper season, and they will not watch the plant in the different stages of its maturity. The consequence is, that the crop falls short of the expectations of the speculator, and will not repay the money he has advanced. In order to recover his loss, he forces fresh advances on the ryot, who is led deeper and deeper into the abyss of ruin; and the end often is, that the planter finds he has advanced his money in vain. The whole point of debate is what ought to be the remedy of the planter against the ryot under these circumstances. Those who wish to punish him criminally say that he has taken money on the understanding that he will honestly

do his best to grow a good crop; and if he neglects his duty, and cheats his employer, he in effect steals his employer's money. He gives a criminal colouring to a civil compact by a course of conduct which is tinged with a fraudulent negligence. He gets hard cash, pockets it, and spends it, and then will not work to reimburse the Englishman who has helped him. Undoubtedly the process is one which opens the door to a neglect which is very much like dishonesty. But it must be remembered that the contract is one into which the ryot enters with reluctance, and which does not pay him. Therefore, the burden of proof of fraud lies on the employer, and it is only in special cases that fraud can be alleged. Mr. RITCHIE attempted to satisfy all parties by enacting that a civil remedy might be turned into a criminal prosecution if the circumstances of the case warranted the change. The weak point of this proposal obviously was, that the defendant, who supposed that he was only to defend a civil suit, would find himself suddenly called on to meet a criminal charge, while, if the criminal charge was suggested from the outset, the plaintiff would have the power of prosecuting criminally under colour of a civil action. It is impossible to frame any general penal clause which shall meet the cases of fraudulent neglect in growing indigo, without including a thousand cases that have nothing to do with indigo. Mr. MAINE, therefore, who has lately taken his seat in the Legislative Council, and who brings to the discussion of such subjects the subtlety which is derived from a knowledge of general jurisprudence, proposed, with great ingenuity, that no general legislation on the subject of non-fulfilment of contracts should be attempted, and that each class of contracts should be dealt with by a separate Act. It does not require much knowledge of the subject to see that this was an indirect means of getting rid altogether of the claims of the indigo planters. It would be monstrous that Europeans should first force contracts on Hindoos which do not pay the native cultivators, and should then invest these contracts with a penal character. Directly we descend from generals to particulars, and ask whether these indigo contracts ought to have a legislative guarantee denied to other contracts, we see the absurdity of the demand urged with so much warmth by the friends of the planters. It is wholly impossible that English opinion should tolerate so iniquitous an anomaly, and therefore, there can, we think, be no doubt that Sir CHARLES WOOD was quite right in proscribing the whole of this legislation in favour of a tyrannous monopoly, and in announcing beforehand that he could never give his assent to any act which would give the indigo planters an unjust and exceptional advantage.

THE OPINION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

A MEETING was lately held, we believe, at Manchester, to consider the subject of the American war. It was chiefly attended by persons who, however respectable, are not among the leading people of Manchester, and was taken by its promoters to represent the opinion of the middle classes and of the higher portion of the working class. It was very strong in its expression of detestation of slavery, and in its sympathy with the North. It is said that this meeting may fairly be held to represent a section of opinion which does not find any adequate voice in the press or Parliament, but which has a great, though not very perceptible, weight, and which has a peculiar value, inasmuch as it embodies the feelings of Englishmen who have a sturdy addiction to the great principles of liberty, and can retain it unaffected by the passing theories and passions of the hour. That the opinion of the middle classes has some sort of peculiar value of its own, we should most of us be ready to admit; but it is an inquiry as difficult as it is interesting to say exactly what this value is. And even to make any approach to determining this, we are obliged at the outset to get over a great stumbling-block, and to take some rough way of deciding what we mean by the middle classes, and where their opinions are to be found. As, however, we feel that there is really something which in fact answers to this vague notion of middle-class opinion, we need not be too scrupulous about the way we take to bring before us what we mean by it. A rough way is better than none; and it appears to us that we may take not inaptly as the basis of the inquiry that peculiar shade of political opinion which finds its expression in the columns of the *Daily News*. We do not for a moment mean to assume that we could cursorily settle the value of the opinions of the *Daily News* itself. Political thought, as it appears when filtered through the minds of educated, accomplished, and honest writers, is a different thing from the same thought as it lies hid in the breast of a Manchester shopman. Nor would we have it supposed that we in the least mean to depreciate the importance or position of a contemporary which has been among the foremost in maintaining the high character of the English press. But we find in the columns of the *Daily News* a line of thought and opinion which we scarcely find elsewhere—a line which is not

that of the usual Whig member, nor that of Mr. Bright or Mr. Cobden, nor that of the Liberal metropolitan, but is always more or less what the mass of the inhabitants of the great Northern towns are inclined to think, so far as they can be said to think at all. A man who meddles with English politics, and attempts to write or speak on them, must have a very faint grasp of his subject if he is not aware that an opinion of this sort has something in it over which he can reflect with the utmost advantage.

In determining special and complicated questions of current politics, this opinion can obviously have very little weight. Its very essence is that it passes over what it thinks little things, and cleaves to what it thinks great things. But it very often happens that the little things have so much momentary importance that they must determine the action of practical politicians, and the views of those who write and think for the governing classes. Among the little things of which middle-class opinion seems to take little heed are treaties, international law, strategy, military force, vested rights, the chances of general war, the balance of political parties, and, often, the very facts that are happening to the knowledge of every one. Middle-class opinion sees no difficulty in sweeping the Pope out of Rome and leaving Roman Catholicism without an organization. It is equally ignorant and impatient of the Treaty of Vienna. It is incapable of appreciating, when it deals with the Church, the difficulty of perpetuating that most precarious result of the efforts of wise men—the existence of a learned clergy; or, when it deals with the suffrage, of seeing the necessity of having an opinion of a higher sort represented. Nor will it attend to facts. The present struggle in America offers an excellent example. The Manchester meeting express strong sympathies with the North as the champions of Abolition. But this is, according to our own way of thinking, purely irrelevant. There is the fact that the South can resist successfully the North in arms, and the further fact that, if the South were defeated, it could only be held down by a gigantic military tyranny. All the middle-class meetings in the world cannot alter the issue. They cannot prevent the real question to be decided being the comparative advantages of an abolition more or less complete, coupled with a military tyranny, and of the establishment of a Slave Power that has on its side a fair claim to independent Government. Therefore, no educated man can allow the voice of this Manchester assembly to affect his judgment on the real issue of the American war. He cannot forget, at the bidding of shopmen and artisans, what he knows to be the case. He cannot strip himself of the information that has led him to see something beyond the general horrors of slavery, and to look at the real point now contested between the rival Federations. At the same time it is true, as a matter of feeling perhaps rather than of reasoning, that this middle-class opinion is worth something. When it is on our side, we are very glad to have it, and we are fortified in our view, and assured of its triumph by finding that it is also the view of those who, we are then inclined to hope, have something specially English about them, and represent what some enthusiastic writers call the "heart" and others the "sturdy backbone" of the country. On the Italian question, for example, the majority of educated men agree with the middle classes; and no one who wishes well to Italy can deny that he is cheered by this popular sympathy, and that it enables him to defy mentally the sneers and cold shoulder which are all that the Tory leaders have to give the youngest of the Kingdoms of Europe.

All the things, too, which are especially dear to the middle classes have a permanent value; and in a general way the middle classes seem to us right about them. The three points on which they more eminently set their affections are, the destruction of negro slavery, the downfall of great military despotisms, and Protestantism. They hate nigger drivers, and the Czar, and Popish priests. Educated men see that none of these points or persons can be dealt with rightly if they are dealt with simply. They see that unconditional and hasty emancipation means anarchy, and degradation of white and black. They can see that a young empire of barbarians like Russia is licked into shape by a Czar, where a milder ruler would only perpetuate barbarism. They can see that Latin Catholicism is intimately bound up with the history of Europe, and that it has satisfied, as a creed, some of the acutest minds that have appeared in the world. They see all this; but still, if these fundamental questions are looked at in that theoretical way in which it is most useful to a nation that they should often be regarded, the middle classes are quite right. Slavery is a most execrable thing—the source of great crimes, of great moral deterioration, of the growth of gigantic vices. It is most shocking—and no philosophy can render it otherwise than shocking—that there should be such trials to be endured, in countries nominally Christian, as are endured in Poland and in Hungary. Humanity ought never to be indifferent to the cries of wives who see their husbands swept off into exile, or of mothers who mourn their sons buried in the living grave of the ranks of an alien army. Protestantism, after all refinements are over, is much better than Catholicism—nearer the verge of honesty, less fruitful of crime, less hostile to the intellect and to political freedom. It is good for a country that these great truths should be keenly felt by the mass, and that those departures from their application which practical politics necessitate should be watched with a most jealous eye.

It is also of the greatest advantage to the governing class to keep itself in communication with the middle class or classes, not only that great principles may be kept steadily before the eyes of statesmen and political thinkers, but also because the middle-class

opinion is, on many occasions, a good guide to what is possible and practicable. It sometimes answers, for more educated opinion, the purpose which a jury answers for a judge. To a mind inclined to refine and theorize it shows what plain men of common sense, and of that foolishness which often accompanies common sense, think of the business. It is another way of putting the same thing to say that a great statesman has almost universally something of the popular fibre in him. He can see what men want to have said and done, and can satisfy them even while he also does something better and wiser than what they desire; and that which is natural to great men and to great leaders may be profitably imitated by lesser men, so far as it can be imitated. It is almost always a sign of error to a reflective politician if he can trace that he is being led into a line of thought which carries him along a path of opinion absolutely diverging from that of the common people. And in the London of the present day, an acquaintance with the opinion of the middle classes, and that amount of sympathy with it which consists in recognising all the merit it possesses, are more than usually necessary. For, as no great questions now stir the hearts or agitate the minds of men, as we are living in quiet while looking on at wars and the decay of mighty Powers, we are apt to get into shallow contests of words, and little smart sallies of sneers and counter-sneers. There happens also, from the peculiar state of literature as well as politics, to be so little difference in the opinion and thoughts of educated men—they bow so nearly to the same criticism, and throw a veil over their conclusions at so nearly the same stage of their logic—that the victories they set themselves to win are won too easily, and they are inclined to delight themselves with singing very small songs over very petty and barren successes. They too, in their turn, are apt to forget the facts which it is convenient for them to forget, if some ingenious subtlety of political reasoning is to be maintained. On this very point of slavery, for example, there is perhaps a little too much of a disposition to put on one side the recollection of the miseries to which slavery may give rise. On all these heads, middle-class opinion has some instruction to convey. It inspires a recollection that the only triumph that satisfies the soul of man is the triumph of great principles, and that the existence of great misery and wrong should never be passed over lightly, as a matter of indifference to mankind.

There has also arisen in these latter days a peculiar form of snobishness, for which sympathetic acquaintance with middle class opinion is perhaps the best cure. There has grown up in literature and journalism a sort of sham aristocratical smartness. The failure of the Reform Bill, and the numerous startling and obvious political errors of Mr. Bright, have set many very small people up as if they personally had in some way vanquished and laughed to scorn all such humble creatures as manufacturers, shopkeepers, and artisans. They seem to think it invests them with a sort of airy grandeur, and makes them redolent of a decidedly aristocratical perfume, if they cut the usual jokes at Mr. Bright, and Manchester, and the North. Of course we do not mean that Mr. Bright and his friends should not be encountered with fair argument, or that when they provoke invective, the invective should be mealy-mouthed. The more there is of good hard reasoning and good hard hitting in the political world the better. But there is a spirit very different from that which leads to either—the spirit of a petty, swaggering criticism, the spirit that loves the feeble jokes of a clique, the spirit that thinks the next thing to being a nobleman is to be a nobleman's valet. This spirit possessed the Tory press and the hangers-on of Tory grandees thirty years ago, and any one who will observe may see that it threatens to revive in the present crisis of political quiet. But this spirit is cowed at once and vanishes away in the presence of opinion that is strong and simple, and of feeling that is genuine and profound. That any one likely to fall under its dominion should attend such a meeting as that at Manchester is in the highest degree unlikely. But he may put himself in the way of hearing what is said and done at such meetings, and if he does, he may be sure that he will be all the better for the trouble he takes.

ÆSTHETICAL DELUSIONS.

THERE was a time when the word "artist" meant simply one who used the brush and painted pictures. No one would then have called a singer or a dancer Artist, though it is clear that the Muses patronize singing and dancing as immediately as picture-painting. Thus, what the word gained in definiteness it lost in extension. But now the whole case is changed. The word artist, or the French *artiste*, has come to be applied to every one who is in any way connected with any of the fine arts; and it is used to designate so many different people, that we hardly know how to interpret it without the assistance of some qualifying epithet. The definition of Ary Scheffer, that the artist is a man endowed with some lofty sentiment or powerful conviction, which is worthy of being expressed indifferently through the medium of prose, poetry, music, sculpture, or painting, is surely wide enough. But it sinks into nothing in contact with such phrases as photographic artist, artist in hair, artist in wax flowers, and the like. Acrobats and rope-dancers even are dignified with the name, and young ladies who imitate Lord Dundreary in their evening entertainments are now lauded in provincial newspapers as "eminent artistes." One important inference may be drawn from this vague and inconvenient extension of the term. We see in it the prevalence of a persuasion that there exists an artistic nature ca-

pable of giving itself vent through various channels, according to the idiosyncrasy of the individual. Thus Art becomes a single spirit taking many shapes, πολλὰν ὁμοίαν ἑξ ἑνὸς, and artists in all their different degrees are bound together by her divine afflatus. So far this is very well. But Wordsworth talks of men who are dumb poets—who feel the inspirations of Art, but never find an adequate channel for the expression of her mystical communications. Then arises the gigantic fallacy of artistic sensibilities, by right of which any romantic person may class himself among the poets of the world, complaining only that cruel heaven has put no lyre or pencil into his hands. He has the lofty sentiment and powerful conviction; but he is doomed to "live his poem" instead of writing it, and to exhale his artistic sweetness on the desert of his own existence. Let us see how far this claim to "æsthetic sensibilities" or "artistic temperament," among persons who are remarkable for the predominance of their emotions, and for the rapidity with which they feel the influence of Art, may lead them into difficulties.

There has always been and will be a certain amount of folly and waywardness among young people, which makes them discontented with common life, morbid, moping, and apt to confound the ideal with the real. This used to be called romance; and Sheridan's *Lydia Languish* is an amusing picture of what it was in his days. Miss Edgeworth, too, in her charming tale of the *Unknown Friend*, has satirized the absurdities and inconveniences to which it exposed its subjects. Another form of the same disease, though more dangerous in its tendencies, was the Byronism of fifty years ago, and the Werterism which infected Germany during Goethe's period of *Sturm und Drang*. Nowadays there is remarkably little of the old romantic feeling, perhaps too little for the preservation of a truly chivalrous society. Byronism has expired, and the young men of Germany and England are far from committing suicide or becoming bandits under the potent spells of Goethe or of Schiller. Yet human nature is the same, and in the extended use of the word "artist" may perhaps be detected a folly which has partially supplanted those we have just indicated. Young people no longer break their hearts for love; but they fancy that they are born to be artists, and quarrel with the trammels of society or business, with the frigid round of conventionalities and the monotonous occupations that tie the pinions of their Pegasus. As an immediate consequence of this persuasion, such persons sacrifice everything in order to foster their æsthetic perceptions, and to give full course to their imagination. Yet they have no secure conviction of their own genius; and like the alchemists of old, they continue spending what real wealth they have upon an insane attempt to develop a faculty which probably does not exist. "The artist," they say, "is a law unto himself." Therefore, he must obey his own impulses; and if he does not harmonize with society, it is the fault of the latter, which he has received supreme commission to correct. It follows that mere sensibility is substituted for morality. Whatever seems to the artistic spirit good and beautiful, that he is bound to pursue, or to sell his birthright. The advice of parents and the common sense of the world are alike neglected, for the experience of the artist is above such guidance. And meantime his soul must be sustained with the music, poetry, or painting, which seems most congenial to his aspirations; until, by this course of training—since such natures are rarely capable of controlling the fancy, or of separating the ideal world from that of practical life—he becomes a feeble thinker, distorted in his moral notions and aimless in his actions, the passive prey of every impression which may be communicated to his simply receptive imagination.

We may here turn aside to illustrate the truth of a remark which is not seldom made, but which is rarely accompanied by any adequate explanation—that musical people are for the most part conspicuous for some intellectual folly or moral debility. The fact is that the very quality of mind which makes them sensitive to melody exposes them to the influence of every gusty impulse, and betrays them into adopting an ideal point of view. This no doubt is the case with intellects that lack weight and balance—with those would-be artists who abuse fair abilities in the search for the impossible, and with such real ones as have not sufficient strength of moral character to counterbalance their imagination. To correct this failing should be the special aim of education in these cases; for through them the whole sphere of art becomes suspected, until æsthetic tastes and studies are alike treated as subjects of reproach. We even remember hearing the verdict of a great scholar on one of his acquaintances, in which he described him as a young man remarkable for his æsthetic tastes, but who yet evinced considerable ability.

But to continue our description of the would-be artist. As soon as he has conceived that it is his duty to educate himself for art, all things begin to be contemplated from a fictitious point of view. He no longer asks, Is this right or wrong? or, Is it a healthy subject of my thought? but, How would this look if I could work it up into a tale or poem? What new subtlety in human nature can I here discover? Inordinate curiosity for the investigation of morbid character succeeds. Forgetting that contact with the evil of another soul cannot fail to sully our own, and imagining that the artist must understand the height and depth of human passion, he finds no problem too revolting, no French pathology of sentiment too painful, for his scrutiny. And with this anatomy of other minds begins the analysis of self, which at first presents a new and wonderful enjoyment. For when a man has discovered that he contains within himself a microcosm more various and yet more easily investigated than the great

world, it gives him infinite pleasure to sound its seas and map out its continents. He fosters peculiar emotions in order to observe their progress and conclusion. He does strange things, like Firmilian, to get a fresh sensation. Every little feeling is magnified and invested with epical importance—perhaps is recorded in a diary; nor does he reckon any feeling wrong or foolish so long as it seems genuine, because the whole soul is consistent with herself, and yet must be variously developed. Thus, what with external anatomy and internal craving for excitement, his mind becomes a mirror of all that is bad and painful in others, while his own evil tendencies receive a fresh vitality; and eventually the embryo artist finds that he is threading an inextricable maze under the burden of matter that is dangerous and potent, and enslaved to habits of which he can no longer divest himself by an act of will. Then descends the Nemesis of Art. The healthy pursuits of other people seem insipid. Their modes of thought are tame. Like one who has returned from the wild beasts and phantoms of a Thebaid to the world of life, he cannot understand the common interests of men. And even beauty, which used to charm his soul in nature, poetry, and painting, can now no longer exert the stimulus which he requires to satisfy his yearnings, or to distract his attention from the self-inflicted torments of his mind. Nor, again, is it simply in respect of his moral nature that he has suffered. The same tendency to view all things in an ideal and subjective light weakens his intellectual perceptions. Truth ceases to mean what absolutely is, and becomes what is consistent with a certain state of mind. And everything appears to have its own Truth, until nothing can be said to be either false or true.

Such is the result of this artist's self-education. And at the end he asks himself what he should have asked at the beginning, "Have I the power to create?" But the full answer to this question is not yet in the negative. Our artist cannot face the truth of his deficiency. He rather strives to find in the weakness of his nature some evidence of genius still to be developed. For such natures, in the midst of self-mistrust and conscious folly, yearn morbidly for fame. They remember that Keats threatened to commit suicide unless he found himself a poet. They cherish self-inflicted sorrows and imaginary pain, because artists must "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Even such minor points of weakness as melancholy, selfishness, irritability, shyness, and far-fetched dreams of evil, because they may be reckoned among the flaws of mighty minds, delude these misguided beings into the fancy that they sit above the herd among the lords of Thought. Yet it was not his blindness which made Milton equal in renown to Thamyris or Meonides; nor can we feel assured that because Keats brooded over unreal miseries, or because Shelley fought with phantoms, or because Arthur Hallam could not remember the date of Marathon three days together, or because Coleridge had no moral sense, therefore every sensitive youth endowed with these imperfections is born to be a poet. In fact, there is a vast difference between æsthetic susceptibility and real creative power—between the mere enthusiasm which loses itself in a tempest of emotion, and the calm power of genius that holds all the winds of passion under its control. And this our artist discovers to his cost as soon as he really puts his capabilities to the test. In order to understand the nature of this discovery, we may quote Goethe's words about the young man Plessing, whom he visited *incognito* :—

The deplorable condition of this young man (he says) had become always dearer to me; he had never taken cognizance of the outer world; but had, on the contrary, cultivated his mind by multifarious reading, and directed towards all his powers and affections; and in this way, as in the depths of his being he found no productive talent, he had gone far to ruin himself altogether; even the occupation and consolation which stand so gloriously open to us by employing ourselves with the ancient languages, seemed to be completely wanting to him.

Goethe feared that he was on the brink of suicide or madness. Fortunately, he did not end thus; but he eventually became a literary man of the second class. We may use his case as a warning to those able young men who now talk vaguely about Art, forgetting that, besides the sensibilities and imperfections of the poet's mind, they ought to feel assured of the true artistic inspiration, and of definite plastic power, before they tread a labyrinth so dangerous to even the real masters of its clue. Yet perhaps, after all, there are few who set themselves in spite of Nature to become artists, in any distinct sense of the word. It is true that Mr. Mill gravely asserts, in his essay on Wordsworth, that every man of ability and diligence may, by self-culture, make himself as great a poet as the author of the *Ode on Immortality*. Yet there is an instinct which holds men back from embarking all their freight on such a treacherous sea; and the real evil of yearnings after art is not so much the earnest devotion of a lifetime to this artistic Quixotism, as the indulgence which we have attempted to describe, of a general laxity of thought and morals, to which those persons are exposed who fancy themselves more gifted than their neighbours because they are more sensitive.

It may be asked, what process is likely to free a man from such a morbid state of mind? George Sand has written a novel called *Vahidre* upon this problem, in which she tries to prove that a sincere study of Nature is the true restorative of jaded sensibilities and self-absorption. Science, which deals with the facts and laws of the outer world—analysis of natural beauties, in and for themselves, without a side-glance at their reproduction in a literary or sentimental form—is the great specific which she recommends for these diseases of the soul. It is true that nothing is more calm

and satisfactory—nothing more fit to lead us outside ourselves, and to teach us humility—than such a study. But it is not every one who has the means of adopting this remedy, while others, like Plessing, are rendered incapable by their very disease of being influenced by such a cure. The principle, however, holds good, and admits of wide application. He who has once been roused from artistic dreaming by the retribution which descends on the incompetent, should at any cost learn humility and seek a reconstruction of his character outside himself—in business, work, hard living, acts of charity, association with his fellows. In a word, like Tennyson's Lady, he should leave his palace-towers, and hope only to return to them when he can enter to enjoy, without false selfish fancies which belie his very nature.

THE SWEDISH REFORM BILL.

IF it is difficult to make Englishmen in general understand the politics of Prussia, it may be thought to be more difficult still to make them understand the politics of Sweden. But just at this time the politics of Sweden are about as instructive a study as anything to be found within the world of Kings, Presidents, and Parliaments. As one of the Continental countries most nearly akin to us in race, language, and religion, Sweden has at any time a claim on our interest and good will. And it shares with ourselves in two or three peculiarities of which neither nation need be ashamed. Like the other Scandinavian and Low-Dutch kingdoms, England and Sweden passed undisturbed through the tempests of 1848. England and Sweden are among the very few countries which can effect constitutional changes, not only without having recourse to a revolution, but even without having recourse to a Convention or a Constituent Assembly. England and Sweden alike can make any changes they please in their political system by the simple machinery of an Act of Parliament. According to all received political theories, the Swedish Constitution is a very bad one; but it has what is practically the great merit of being an ancient working Constitution; its defects can be removed by a mere Reform Bill, without any of the extraordinary agency which is needed to mend Constitutions elsewhere. Some countries make a Constitution which is so perfect that it cannot need reform, and must last for ever; there is, therefore, no way of improving it, and every change involves revolution. Others, more prudently, regard their Constitution as human, and therefore liable to err; and they therefore provide a regular process by which the Constitution may be amended. But this power has, in many cases, led to a constant tinkering-up of the Constitution, which is by no means to be desired. The idea of ever and anon doing something or other to the Constitution is put into men's heads by the Constitution itself. In England, we have strictly no Constitution. There is nothing—unless it be the *quasi*-federal bond between the three portions of the United Kingdom—which is beyond the power of the ordinary Legislature. That is to say, the Constitution and the Law are really the same. When we talk of things being "unconstitutional," which are not illegal, we refer to a purely conventional understanding, established by no Law, and which no Court can recognise. The mode of amendment therefore in England is really easier than anywhere else; it is simply that of passing an ordinary Act of Parliament. But for the very reason that it is so easy, it is less easy to be abused. Elsewhere, it is not worth while making a Revolution, or even calling a Special Convention, unless you show some "great and comprehensive measure" as the result. If you want to alter the smallest matter, you must set to work so elaborate a machinery that it seems a pity, while it is at work, not to set it to do something greater. But when you can make a constitutional change by exactly the same process that you pass a turnpike-act, there is no temptation to make a great change simply because you happen to want a small one. You can pass an avowedly small measure, and it is not ashamed of itself for being small. Or, if you do want to pass a great one, you can, in exactly the same way as the small one. And as it is in England, so it is in Sweden also. A great constitutional change is proposed, not to any Constituent Assembly, but to the ordinary Diet of the Kingdom, and the only difference between the treatment of such a measure and that of an ordinary law is that the Reform Bill must be proposed in two distinct Sessions, and that it needs the consent of all the four branches of the Swedish Legislature, while an ordinary bill may be passed by three of them in the teeth of the fourth. That is, in other cases a majority of the Houses decides; in the present case, unanimity among the Houses—not, of course, within each House—is required.

The form of government in Sweden has gone through a good many changes in the course of the last two centuries; and at the last, in 1809, it pretty well reverted to its original mediæval form. Altogether, the political system of Sweden is more thoroughly mediæval than that of any country in Europe. It is strictly a limited monarchy, and yet it is something very different from what we have come specially to understand by a constitutional monarchy. The powers of the King are strictly limited by law; but, within those limits, he really governs as well as reigns. That is to say, in Sweden the King retains in practice the position which an English King possesses in theory. The legal powers of an English King are strictly limited, still they are very large; but of these large powers some are never used at all, others are used only by the advice of Ministers, whom the House of Commons has practically the power of removing. A Swedish King has legal powers somewhat less extended; but those powers he can use according to his own discretion. He has his Council of State, and, on all save

military and diplomatic matters, he is bound to consult it. But he is only bound to consult it; he may determine as he pleases. But if the King's determination be illegal, those councillors who advised it, or even failed to protest against it, are liable to impeachment in the next Diet. That is to say, the Swedish Ministry is liable to the same sort of legal responsibility as our own; but it is not liable to the conventional constitutional responsibility, which obliges an English Ministry to resign when the House of Commons ceases to approve of it. In fact, the position of the Swedish King is very like that of the American President. The difference is rather in the duration than in the extent of power. For the Swedish King has, of course, the advantage of holding his office for life, and of not being personally liable to impeachment. But the two agree in holding powers strictly limited by law, but using those powers according to their personal discretion. This is exactly the position of a mediæval king; but it differs almost equally from the position either of the despotic monarchs of Europe, or of those to whom we specially give the name of "constitutional."

From such a starting-point as this, it necessarily follows that the Swedish Diet is a really effective power, but that the King is a really effective power also. He cannot legislate, he cannot impose taxes, without the consent of the Estates of the Realm; but neither can they legislate without him. The King has a veto, and his veto is not a mere constitutional fiction. It is freely exercised when the royal judgment deems it necessary, and its exercise, as being the exercise of an undoubted legal right, does not necessarily provoke discontent. Sweden is in this matter in the state in which England was when the warmest patriots did not dispute the King's right to grant or reject their petitions at pleasure, but only insisted that he should answer with an intelligible Yea or Nay, and not with a long piece of unmeaning rigmarole. In all these matters, Swedish usage, just like English, is the natural growth of the circumstances of the country. It would be a great pity either to hasten or to retard its natural and healthy development by cut-and-dried dogmas, in whatever direction, which are at best derived from the experience of countries differently circumstanced. The Diet, which thus shares the powers of the State with the Sovereign, is the most mediæval body to be found in any European kingdom. No other Assembly so well enables us to realize the nature of the old Parliaments, Diets, and States-General out of which modern constitutional government was slowly developed. One doctrine now universally received is, that in every free Constitution there must be two legislative Houses. On this point all Europe and America, save a Swiss canton or two, are agreed. Even in Norway, where in strictness there is only one House, a sort of temporary Upper Chamber is chosen by the elective body from out of itself. Experience shows the necessity of having the measures of the popular branch of the Legislature revised by a body less directly responsible to the people—a body which ought not to have interests contrary to those of the people, but which will represent their mature judgment and permanent interest rather than the passions and outcries of the moment. Whether this body be elective, nominated, or hereditary, these are the grounds on which its existence is deemed desirable. In the most democratic State Constitutions in America, the ephemeral House of Representatives has some slight check put on it by a Senate, whose members at least hold office for a somewhat longer time. In the Federal Constitution, the checks supplied by the Senate are far more numerous and effective. The thing is so universal in some shape or other that we are apt to forget that it owes its origin wholly to an accident in our own political history. A mediæval Parliament was an Assembly of Estates. Each estate—that is, each rank or class among the free inhabitants—had its representatives in it. Hence the name of Estates, which the National Council bore in so many countries, and which is not quite unknown in our own. The nation was commonly looked on as composed of three orders—the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Commons. Each of these orders had a right to a distinct representation and a distinct vote. Such were the old States-General of France, a body which commonly proved awkward and inefficient, but which most certainly never had a fair trial. Two or three happy accidents converted this system into our actual English Constitution. In England, the clergy could never be got to take their place as a regular estate. They preferred the anomalous position of their own Convocation, an ecclesiastical synod retaining the single Parliamentary power—long disused but never yet formally abolished—of voting its own subsidies. The absence of the estate of the clergy reduced our Houses to two, and thus, by the merest accident, created that "bi-cameral" system which the rest of the world has been content to imitate. Again, the different nature of nobility in England—that happiest but in its origin most obscure of customs, which makes the sons of a peer simple commoners—made the English House of Lords quite a different sort of body from any House of Lords anywhere else. Again, another happy accident, or more probably the far-seeing wisdom of Simon of Montfort, placed knights and citizens in a single Chamber, and so produced a House of Commons which really represented the nation, and not merely some particular classes in it. In France these accidents never took place, and her rarely assembled States-General retained to the last the character of an assembly of representatives of Estates in the very strictest sense.

The Swedish Diet, as it now exists, is exactly one of these mediæval assemblies of Estates, with one peculiarity, which we believe has no parallel elsewhere. It consists of four Estates instead of three. That is, the Estate of the Commons is divided into two—the citizens and the peasants. This shows a liberal spirit

in its original framers. It was evidently intended that no class in the nation should be left without a share in the national councils. The existence of a distinct House of Peasants shows the early importance of the class of small freeholders in Sweden, as in other Northern countries. In Southern Europe, political power was divided between the nobles and the cities. In France, he who was neither noble nor citizen was little better than a slave. In England the class of yeomanry has always existed, and it once was much more important than it is now; but at no time of our history would any one have thought of giving them a representation distinct from other freeholders. Herein steps in the difference between English and Continental nobility. Many of the Swedish nobles would in England have been simply knights and esquires, having no legal advantage over the yeoman. One cannot doubt that, when the Swedish Diet was first established, the four orders of which it consists formed a really exhaustive division of the Swedish nation. And all the four Houses seem to be on a perfect legal equality. A measure, to become law, must pass three Houses out of the four, but the nobles may be outvoted by the other three just as much as the peasants. The fault of the Swedish Constitution is simply that it has survived its time, and is no longer suited to the existing state of things. But it is entitled to respect as an evident attempt in its own age at fair and liberal representation; and, being a living and working Constitution, it gives the Swedish nation the inestimable advantage of being able to improve their political system by a mere Reform Bill, without reducing everything to zero and starting afresh.

The defects of this Constitution, looked on as one intended for modern use, are manifest. It shares the fault incident to all assemblies formed on the system of Estates. The members do not represent the nation, but only some particular class in the nation. In the Swedish Diet, a man must be unusually patriotic if he feels himself called on to act in the interest of all Sweden, and not in the special interest of his own particular order. In the middle ages this was natural. Men had hardly reached to the notion of nationality; liberty commonly meant privilege; nobles, clergy, citizens, laboured mainly in the interests of their several orders, and it was creditable to Sweden to recognise the peasants as having rights to maintain as well as the others. But Sweden, like other countries, has outgrown this state of things; she needs a national, and not a mere class representation. One of the great advantages of a body like the English House of Commons is that men of all sorts are brought together to enlighten one another, and to rub off one another's prejudices. The knight of the shire and the member for the manufacturing borough look one another in the face, and find out that neither of them is the horrible monster which each in his own closet may have fancied the other to be. In a Diet of Estates this great advantage is afforded only to a few members of each House—those, namely, who are appointed on the general Committees of the whole Diet, whom we may naturally suppose to be among the most eminent members of each House, and who, therefore, least need the lesson. Again, whatever may have been the case in past times, the four Estates do not now form an exhaustive division of the Swedish nation. Of course the class of "nobles" comes down lower, and that of "peasants" reaches higher, than what we should understand by those names in England; still, there is a class of landowners between them which is altogether left out. A merchant or professional man who invests his savings in land ceases to be a citizen, but does not become either a noble or a peasant. He can, therefore, neither elect nor be elected; and thus one of the most valuable classes in the nation is altogether disfranchised. When Mr. Laing wrote, this disfranchised class—the only one, he says, "both educated and independent"—owned one-fifth of the property of the country. Then the House of Nobles is strangely constituted. In the French Estates, the whole body of the nobles were represented by deputies; but in Sweden, as in England, the seat belongs to the head of the family only. But then, in Sweden, not as in England, the rest of the family are also noble, and therefore, though they have no place in the House of Nobles, they cannot elect or be elected in any of the other Houses. In short, the younger branches of a Swedish noble family are destined to political nullity. The nobles again are mostly poor, and the majority of those who appear in the Diet are Government officers, military or civil. In the same way, among the clergy, the advantage of a higher education is counterbalanced by their dependence upon Government for promotion. The House of Citizens is less dependent than the two higher orders, but it contains too many magistrates of royal appointment to be so independent as it should be, and a House composed purely of citizens is not likely to rise above exclusive prejudices. The House of Peasants is the most independent of any, but it is also naturally the most ignorant.

The proposal for a reform in the Swedish Parliamentary system, to whatever objections it may be open, does great honour to the present King and his advisers, since the change from a sectional to a national representation cannot fail greatly to diminish the influence of the Government. The proposed scheme consists of two Chambers, both elective—the Upper Chamber being made select by a special qualification as to age and property. The privileges of the nobility and clergy are thus wholly annihilated. At first sight, we might have expected that it would have been easier in Sweden than elsewhere to preserve an hereditary House of Lords. But the persons who have now, as heads of noble families, the right to sit in the present House, reach the enormous number of 2,500—not 14,000, as is sometimes ignorantly stated. Such a

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body would, of course, have to be cut down to some 200 or 300, and it may have been thought less invidious to abolish the privilege altogether than to pick out a small number to retain it. The scheme is naturally popular with the citizens, the peasants, and the unfranchised classes; but it remains to be seen whether the nobles and clergy will be convinced by the arguments that will be urged in its support. It is to be hoped that no rashness or violence on either side will interfere with the peaceable settlement of the question.

EXETER HALL AND EMANCIPATION.

THE people of England have spoken, and Exeter Hall, to use Macaulay's expression, has brayed. That bray is a curious thing to witness. The long, dry seesaw of its monotonous howl is an English institution. There is something impressive, and in its way striking, in a thorough, honest, earnest shout of defiant fanaticism and ignorance. A strong solidity and stolidity of one-sidedness—a resolute, vigorous, and firm determination to see only one aspect of a question—a fixed and thorough grasp of only a single fact, and a determination to pursue it to all consequences—is the characteristic of a popular fanatical sentiment. There can be no question that slavery is, as it ought to be, an unpopular thing. It is so easy and so true to lay down that man has no right to breed men for the purposes of sale, that to separate husband and wife is treason to humanity, and that “to flog women is wrong, be they Hungarian countesses or African slaves,” that it is no wonder that a speaker who confines himself to such safe platitudes will always get three or four thousand people, either in London or Bradford, to cheer him. In reasoning powers and in political wisdom the masses, as they are called, are of course but slenderly provided. And when they are told that all this is what the South is fighting for, and what the North is fighting against, nobody will be, or perhaps ought to be, surprised on which side their sympathies lie. Those who teach them and speechify to them are not much to blame, for the prophets are little wiser, and many of them are less sincere, than their hearers. But it might, perhaps, have occurred to some of the good simpletons who crowded Exeter Hall on Thursday evening that there must be a fallacy somewhere. With all their sympathy it must have startled them, not so much to listen to those who instructed them, as to remember those who did not talk to them. The men who were conspicuous by their absence must have been in the thoughts of the enthusiastic audience. How comes it that it is not as in the days of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and Brougham? The slavery question is now what it was ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago. The slave trade is in the abstract neither better nor worse now than then. The lineal representatives of the great warriors of old survive; one of them at least is himself alive, and has lost neither tongue nor energy. Why did they not wield at will, as of old, that fierce democracy which used to echo the great doctrine of the equality of race and the nullity of colour in the sight of God and man, of nature and grace? There must be some reason for this; and it is not to be found in the easy explanation of penny newspapers, that generous fathers produce degenerate sons, that the *Times* is written by inconsistent renegades, and that the proud oligarchs who rule this country are the natural enemies of human freedom. Settled national convictions do not travel backwards on the dial of history; and the men who, when swaying the destinies of this country, threw away twenty millions for the emancipation of British slaves, were at least as much tinctured by feudal traditions as the thought and intelligence of the present day. The question which, when the enthusiasm and the riot of such a meeting have subsided, must confront whatever reflection it included, is this—How comes it that an anti-slavery meeting forty or fifty years ago would have included so much that was noble and high-principled in English life, and that on Thursday night it only presented itself in the shrivelled and attenuated form of two dissenting preachers, a novelist, one M.P., Mr. Holyoake, and the Chamberlain of London? It is very comfortable for the obscure to glory in their obscurity, and to console themselves that not many wise, not many learned, at a greater crisis of humanity accepted higher truths than even these. Surely there must have been some present to whom the contrast may have suggested a deeper scrutiny into facts.

The avowed object of this meeting was to deal with a pressing danger. Because it was notorious that English sympathy, as expressed by the educated classes, is rather in favour of the South, the meeting was convened to show that the great popular feeling was in favour of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and, therefore, in favour of the North. Here is a curious complication of fallacies. Our feeling is not in favour of the South because the South is based (if it is based) on the cornerstone of slavery; but we lean to the South, so far as we do lean to the South, because the North seeks to subjugate the South by fire and blood, by terrorism and a servile war. The next fallacy adopted by the Emancipation Society is, that President Lincoln and his friends are sincere emancipationists. It was not convenient for Mr. Baptist Noel or Mr. Newman Hall to inform his audience that President Lincoln did not even issue his abolition proclamation in favour of the slave, but simply as a “war measure.” It was not that he wished to free the degraded African, but that he wanted to detach a portion of the Confederate army homewards to defend Southern families and prevent another St. Domingo massacre. Nor was it convenient for the

fervid orators of Thursday night to advert to Mr. Lincoln's Chicago declaration, or to hint that even in the North the Abolitionists, with whose policy the speakers identified themselves, were themselves only a party, and that party neither the strongest in political consequence nor even in numbers. It was not convenient to admit that in the North itself slavery is not abolished, and that no coloured man is at this moment allowed the rights of common worship with the white. And the third fallacy in the Exeter Hall platform was in ignoring the terms of the Federal Union. Mr. Newman Hall had the temerity or the ignorance to argue that the President has the same right to make war on his rebellious subjects at Charleston as the Queen would have to put down a rebellion in Jamaica, and, therefore, in Surrey. The fact that the Federal Union was a voluntary association of independent powers—a fact which at once takes secession out of the category of mere rebellion—was not hinted to the docile audience of Exeter Hall. Still less was it convenient to the reverend orator to acknowledge that the spectacle of a people incurring a daily increasing and enormous debt which it is neither within their purpose nor their power to discharge, however little it may lower them in the eyes of the conventicle, but faintly recommends their cause to a people who have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of national solvency and national honour.

It is useful, in a popular delusion of this kind, to study what principles people will gulp down when they are under the influence of a fanatical sentiment. No declarations were received on Thursday night with such blatant fervour as those which asserted the absolute right and duty of the sovereign authority at Washington to coerce and to subjugate its rebellious subjects. The recent Federal success at Murfreesborough was cheered to the very echo, “Emancipation and Reunion”—reunion at whatever cost of blood and treasure and suffering—was proclaimed as the watchword of the evening. The Southerners were only saluted as rebels and pirates. The revolt must be put down, and by arms. That is, it is the divine right of the President to tread out rebellion, which is as the sin of witchcraft. Strange doctrine this—fit enough for Hobbes, and Filmer, and Metternich, and the *Kreutz Zeitung*, and the Vatican, but ominous and startling when heard in Exeter Hall, and from the mouth of the especial champions of human freedom. The Southerners are the enemies of human freedom, because they are engaged in what is treason to the first principles of the Gospel; and it is therefore the duty of all civilized nations to treat them as the common enemies of humanity, as pirates, and “an abomination.” Might not just the same thing be said of the Turks? They, too, are the sworn enemies of the Gospel; they elevate an impostor to the Saviour's dignity; they are guilty of every vice; they present an insolent solecism in the European States-system. It is therefore the duty of Christian England to support holy Russia in its crusade against this conspiracy of barbarism and misbelief. Every argument which is now urged by the American and English Abolitionists might have been urged with exactly the same force and propriety against the late Russian War. But as it was not for its Mahomedanism that we defended Turkey, so it is not for its slavery that we sympathize with the South. Be the faults of Turkey or of the Confederate States what they may—unhappy accidents of race, climate, or tradition—they are domestic and internal faults with which we have nothing to do. But over and above these internal hindrances to unity of feeling between them and us, there rides the paramount duty of not acquiescing in a violent attempt to subjugate millions of freemen to a rule which they detest and abhor.

Of course, the details of Thursday night's meeting were grotesque enough, and suggested to the thoughtful mind Bishop Butler's melancholy meditation whether whole nations—in this case it was the nation in its Tooley Street manifestation—might not go mad. The spectacle of a perfectly irrational fanaticism is saddening; for the howlings of the Emancipation Society do not rise into the reasoning vice of hypocrisy. At the preliminary little-go which was held at the Whittington Club, the Society summarily set down a poor Mr. Alexander, who whimpered his honest regrets that Mr. Lincoln's charity had not begun at home, by emancipating the slaves in the Federal States. And on Thursday night the fanatics had it all their own way. They came to have their own prejudices roundly endorsed and firmly stated, and they would listen to nothing else. The chairman, one Mr. Evans—a not very lively person—they conjured very early in the meeting to “shut up;” and when a fervid and injudicious speaker offered an amendment, they shouted, and roared, and screamed, and “turned him out,” after the manner of the English deliberative assembly, and called lustily, and with a bold defiance of the aspirate, for “Newman 'All.” And they endured good proxy Mr. Baptist Noel, and tolerated and even cheered “Tom Brown's” flux of quotations, which were rather tedious than novel; and “Newman 'All” won the honours of the evening, and pitched it strong into the *Times*, and, as we thought, plagiarized a good deal from the *Morning Star*, and charged vigorously a certain article called “The Carnival of Cant,” and exhibited—as a popular dissenting teacher was likely to do—much fluency, with a very fair command of the English adjectives in their superlative form. And certain inconvenient hints about Butler and McNeil were groaned and bellowed and hooted down; and the solitary M.P. made a solemn and priggish oration, which fell very flat; and there was one darkey, to carry out

the good old man-and-brother tradition, and he was judiciously placed in a forward row in the pit; and there was an immense multitude—so vast that it overflowed Exeter Hall itself, and filled one of the cellars—and a frightful noise and intense heat; and a telegram was sent from the Bradford Meeting to the Exeter Hall Meeting, and it was read with vehement cheering—only there was nothing in it. And so the British nation has pronounced—at least, Mr. Baptist Noel, and Mr. Newman Hall, and Mr. Taylor, M.P., and Mr. Hughes have pronounced—and, in the eyes of Exeter Hall, it is all the same thing. One warning we must venture to give to Mr. Lincoln and his friends. If they imagine that this sort of trash, and all the volubility of Exeter Hall, and all its vast cheering, howling horde of men, women, and Dissenting preachers, is the expression of English sentiment, they will commit the very same blunder which Russia made in mistaking the Peace Society and the Manchester clique for the English people.

MR. WHITESIDE ON IRELAND.

OF all things in the world, that which would seem least to bear stirring is the memory of the Irish Parliament; but, by dint of Irish eloquence and an audience probably composed of sympathizing politicians, Mr. Whiteside has contrived to acquit himself with abundant success and applause of his unpromising subject. To do the lecturer justice, he has not allowed either national or religious prejudices to pervert his views; or it may be that these two potent influences worked in opposite directions, and admitted of an amount of candour which would not always be palatable to a Dublin audience. The moral of the story is wholly for the past, for, whatever may be the remaining disorganization and affected treason of a certain sect of Irishmen, the Repeal mania died with O'Connell, if it would not be more correct to say that the waning of the Repeal movement preceded and hastened the death of its energetic Apostle. To do the Liberator justice, he never dreamed of a restoration of such a Parliament as had at any period existed in Ireland; and his pretended desire for real national independence was, in all probability, nothing more in his mind than a means for obtaining material concessions to his country and substantial power and wealth to himself.

In the course of his amusing sketch, Mr. Whiteside told his hearers that he would give them "facts—real, not Irish facts;" and the phrase may be aptly used to characterize the strange institution which passed for a Parliament of the Irish people. It was from beginning to end an Irish fact, and nothing more. Nothing could be more accurate than Mr. Whiteside's account of the Stephen's Green conclave before the revolution (for such it was) of 1782. It was "a Parliament polluted by laws which made independent action impossible." Even in theory, only a single sect was represented. The House of Commons was a representative body whose members "might sit for life without consulting or visiting their supposed constituents." As long as the King survived, the Irish M.P. retained unquestioned his privilege of defying bailiffs, and a very substantial privilege it was. To obtain a place under Government was, as it still is, the highest ambition of Hibernian patriots, but the gift was not then poisoned by the necessity of a re-election. Debates were not published, and freedom of speech was only restrained by the pastime of duelling. No one was responsible to any one else; and it was only by the unexpected vote of a gentleman ever after known as "Tottenham in his boots"—a member who had ridden hard for the division—that the patriotic House was restrained from anticipating future trouble by voting the taxes for twenty-one years at once. As Mr. Whiteside quaintly puts it, the members were influenced by conscience alone—at any rate, by nothing else in the shape either of authority or public opinion.

Such was the Irish fact which went by the name of a Parliament before the Volunteer movement. Probably Grattan and Flood, and the other brilliant speakers who for a few years galvanized the sham Parliament into life, were but half alive to the truth that, except as an Irish fact, the Dublin Parliament could not possibly continue to exist. Even in the Austrian Empire, the co-ordinate powers of the Hungarian Diet and the Imperial Government only worked in harmony so long as Court influence could be successfully employed to make the Kingdom subordinate to the Duchy or the Empire. And yet Hungary is the most powerful province of the Austrian Empire, while Ireland, in numbers and in civilization, has always been overshadowed by the superior strength and energy of the ruling island. That there was needless confusion and bickering among the various elements of the so-called national party may be admitted, but it was not to any internal discord so much as to the utter impracticability of the scheme of self-government that the Irish Parliament owed its early extinction. The golden link of the Crown was a pleasant fancy to represent the sole bond between two not very harmonious communities; but in reality no union was possible on any terms except complete amalgamation or the absolute supremacy of the stronger nation.

The fatal policy of arming the Irish Volunteers helped more than anything else to precipitate a crisis which no prudence could have done more than postpone. Ireland had outgrown the age of childhood when subservency was endurable, and a struggle for an impossible independence followed in the necessary sequence of

events. The pressure of a foreign war and the feeble administration of Irish affairs made the close of the century peculiarly favourable to the Irish party of action, and it was perhaps as well that the revolutionary movement should have germinated and grown as rapidly as it did from the first cry for commercial freedom to the wild outbreak of savage rebellion which immediately preceded the Act of Union. Mr. Whiteside, though he nowhere commits himself to an opinion that legislative independence was other than a chimera from the very first, goes a little out of his way to explain from secondary causes a result which was simply inevitable in the nature of things. The intemperance of language which disfigured the eloquence of the Irish leaders may have been all that Mr. Whiteside pictures it; but it is a shallow philosophy to group together institutions so different as the Irish Parliament under George III. and the French Chambers under Louis Philippe, and to suggest, as he does, that the overthrow of both was foreshadowed and caused by the absence of restraint in the tone of their debates.

Even if the enterprise had not been otherwise hopeless, the attempt to build up Irish independence on the foundation of a Parliament which only professed to represent a dominant sect, was perhaps a wilder project than ever entered the brain of a Mazzini or a Garibaldi. If the end was to be achieved at all, it could only be by a successful insurrection. This soon made itself manifest to all who were most in earnest; the party of rebellion grew, while the Parliamentary faction sank into insignificance; and, as Mr. Whiteside very justly observes, it was at least as much to the Protestant as the Catholic element that the affair of '98 was attributable. In fact, all the organization came from the North, and the Roman Catholic population only took an apparent lead from the more striking atrocity of their desultory outbreaks, and from the neglect with which they were at first treated by supine officials. It was not until the failure of the rebellion proved the impracticability of separation that the project of Union was seriously brought forward, and Mr. Whiteside is scarcely accurate in saying that the sole alternative presented was, co-operation with England, or separation from her. The truth is, that there was no alternative, unless the choice might be said to lie between Union on fair and liberal terms, and absolute submission to an alien Government. Probably, the most eager of the opponents of the Union had some sort of perception of the real position of affairs, and are scarcely chargeable with the blunder of directing their talents and energies to stopping the progress of an irresistible measure, instead of making terms for the country they represented. Dogged opposition up to a certain point was perhaps the most effective way of battling for terms; and it is due to the acuteness of the popular leaders of the day to assume that they were all bent on securing favourable terms, some for their country, others for themselves. The miscalculation on their part arose from an undervaluing of the power of corruption which the Government possessed. All that was needed was, to purchase either by concessions to the nation, or by bribes to its representatives, a sufficient number of votes to carry the measure; and the opponents who held out to the last were guilty of no greater mistake than that of outstanding their market. Whatever mystery once existed about the secret history of the Act of Union has now for some years been cleared up by the Memoirs of the principal manager of the intrigue; and any one who is at the pains to examine the repulsive details of the transaction may easily learn how much of the support given to Government was prompted by patriotism, and how much by personal inducements. A difficult negotiation had to be carried through, at any cost and by any means, and perhaps in the whole history of nations there never was an example of so beneficent a measure being obtained by means so utterly discreditable as those employed to induce the Irish Parliament to agree to a voluntary abdication of its powers.

There is something intensely Irish, though at the same time practical enough, in the course which Mr. Whiteside sketches out retrospectively for the malcontents of 1800. They might have done their best to stop the measure, but at the same time they should have devoted their talents, energy, and attention to getting as much as they could, "and then should have gone on grumbling." Chronic discontent, quietly absorbing sop after sop, and grumbling on to the last, was the essence of O'Connell's tactics; and notwithstanding its ultimate collapse under very adverse circumstances, it was in his hands a first-rate policy. That it has proved less effectual in the hands of feebler successors, may be partly owing to the dearth of material on which to work. Hunting for grievances in Ireland is something like gold-seeking on a barren reef, and no amount of pertinacity and ingenuity can keep up the game without the occasional assistance of a real grievance, however minute. There are no political nuggets now, as in the days before Catholic Emancipation, and, as Mr. Whiteside says, it is in vain to complain of the past. It may be sad to have no wrong unredressed, no prejudice of which to complain; but Ireland may find some compensation in the career which the Union has thrown open to her ambition. For once, an Irish audience seems to have been impressed with eloquence which was not divorced from common sense, and actually rewarded with vociferous cheers an orator who wound up his peroration by thanking God for the Constitution which has deprived him and his countrymen of all the grievances which were once their rightful and cherished inheritance.

LANCASHIRE.

THERE is so much that is bright and hopeful in the condition of Lancashire, there is so much that is better than we could have expected it would be, that we at times forget how much remains that is dark and threatening. The monthly report of the Central Executive Committee, and the more recent reports from the cotton districts, may serve to remind us of the perils which beset the present crisis, and of the difficulties which must attend any organization that attempts to grapple with it. In the first place, although the monthly report was silent on the subject, there are no doubt visible signs of what has been called a new-born spirit of pauperism in Lancashire. To receive relief does not seem so painful as it once did. There are instances of men who are able to get work, and yet prefer to live at the expense of others, though twelve months ago the same men would have resented the suggestion of such conduct. Imposition and misrepresentation are more common than they were. All this was to be expected. The operatives have been orderly and contented; their privations have not made them impatient or unjust towards the Government, or towards any class of their fellow countrymen. This is very creditable, and there was, besides, a real nobleness in the great sacrifices which many of them made before they consented to ask for assistance. Still, the operatives are men, and men, too, of but little education. And human nature would not be what it is if the self-reliance of great masses of men could hold out against temptations so searching and so prolonged as those the operatives have now to undergo. From the first, every one knew that it could not be otherwise. Tens of thousands might escape, but, if the crisis was prolonged, much demoralization was inevitable. It was clearly necessary that the unemployed population should be kept warm enough and should have food enough to avoid fever and extreme depression of spirits. Such a sufficiency, without labour, would no doubt, in time, seem to many more tolerable than the labour which once brought good living along with it; and it happens that the employment that is now offered in the cotton factories is very different from that which two years ago was attended with good living. The Spun cotton is dirty, apt to snap, and difficult to work. Its manufacture is therefore more laborious, more trying to the temper, and less profitable than the manipulation of American cotton. A day's labour is as long as it used to be, and more fatiguing, and its reward is much less. The habit of idleness, growing stronger with time, and the decreasing reward given to industry, thus concur to make the bitterness of charity less and less perceptible. This is especially the case with the factory girls. Formerly they earned 12s. or 14s. a week, and fared sumptuously every day. Since the sewing schools were opened, they have spent their days in well-ventilated rooms, employed on work that had the charm of novelty; and which was given them not as task-work, but as a wholesome and improving employment. They have received, it is true, only 3s. or 3s. 6d. a week; and if they were now asked to return to their original employment, none would hesitate. But instead of this, as the mills reopen, they have to encounter a still harder fate, and to exchange the repose of their sewing-classes for work more troublesome and laborious than their old work, and not so lucrative as their recent employment.

We have no wish to encourage unfounded alarms. No doubt there are thousands of operatives whose self-respect would resist the most prolonged temptations. We have to deal with what is probably the stoutest and most self-reliant population in the world. But there are many people engaged in or dependent upon the cotton manufacture, who are not Lancashire-born; and it is extravagant to suppose that all the men and women who have been born and bred in Lancashire have characters beyond the reach of circumstances. As yet there is no evidence of an extensive demoralization. Still the danger is real and increasing; and even if the existing demoralization is less than we suppose, every additional week's idleness will sap the self-respect of an increasing number of operatives; and it is alarming to contemplate the probable result, if the present state of things continues as long as Mr. Cobden, or even as long as the Central Executive Committee, anticipates. Some precautions, however, may be taken without any difficulty, and one or two reflections suggest themselves with regard to it.

1. The system of checks nominally adopted by the Relief committees is admirable. Their agents are selected from the most intelligent of the operatives. From time to time one of these visits every house the inmates of which demand or are receiving relief. It is his duty to observe the circumstances of the family, and to inquire about it among the neighbours. In many districts there is no doubt that this system is thoroughly carried out. But in others, facts occasionally come to light which are inconsistent with its universal adoption or its adequate application. For instance, out of 70 girls receiving relief at a sewing school 50 are found not to be factory girls at all, or to be receiving relief at the same time from other sources. Every day suggestive cases turn up of carpenters, painters, and other workmen, as well as professional paupers, being relieved from the funds intended for those whose distress is the result of the cotton famine. Salford has recently increased its staff of visitors; and their inquiries have struck two thousand two hundred and forty recipients off the relief roll. These revelations point to similar frauds in other districts that continue undetected. It is clear, however, that all these evils can be avoided by the honest and efficient application of the existing system. The committees have received praise for the slight cost of their administration. Perhaps they rather deserved blame for

employing too small a staff. It is the best economy to make imposition impossible.

2. A serious charge has been brought against the Lord Mayor's Committee. This charge was contained in the last monthly report of the Central Executive Committee, and it has been repeated in a letter of remonstrance adopted by the Central Committee of Manchester to the Lord Mayor. It imputes to the Lord Mayor's Committee the adoption of a method of distribution which, by dividing responsibility, encourages carelessness in the distribution of relief, and fosters imposition. It is the wise policy of the Central Executive Committee to recognise in each town only one committee, and to make advances through it alone. The latter forms an estimate of the wants of each of the district committees of its town, and, though willing to hear remonstrances, the Central Executive Committee is generally guided by its judgment in the distribution of grants. But the Lord Mayor's Committee, at the distance of several hundred miles, and in the absence of special knowledge, has, in some cases, "sanctioned two local committees of relief in the same district," has recognised in others a committee not recognised by the Central Executive Committee, and "has made separate grants to sewing classes, to distinct orders of workmen, and for other purposes, independent of any local district committee." The letter of the Manchester Committee exhibits in detail the mode in which some small districts are swamped with superfluous funds, while others are unable to meet their legitimate expenses, through the collision of the Lord Mayor's with the Central Executive Committee. Ashton-under-Lyne, on the other hand, has been agitated for weeks by the bickerings of two Committees, each claiming to be central, one of which obtained the support of the Mansion House, and the other that of the Central Executive Committee; and for some weeks the two Committees contrived to distribute nearly twice the proper amount of food. Such a division of responsibility and such a rivalry in almsgiving cannot fail to stimulate the growth of pauperism and imposition. The remedy, however, here again is plain, and its adoption will, we trust, be no longer delayed. The name of the Lord Mayor makes the Mansion House Committee an admirable body for collecting funds; but the Central Executive Committee, guided by statesmen, employers of labour, and the three most experienced officials of the Poor Law Board, being on the spot and in possession of ample information, ought to be alone responsible for their distribution. The Lord Mayor may no doubt contend, that even the best Committee sometimes makes mistakes. And this is true, but it does not follow that his Committee is capable of determining when mistakes have been committed. The local Committees, with which it corresponds, are likely to err much more frequently than the Central Committee, of which Lord Derby is chairman.

3. Attendance at school is mere play for adults, and however desirable it may be as a mode of occupying the idleness of a few weeks, it is wholly out of place in a crisis that may continue for years, and is certain to continue for months. On the other hand, there are obvious objections to the prolonged employment of intelligent and sensitive operatives in artificial tasks, invented for ordinary paupers, and tainted by association with them. It is time, however, that some employment should be found which, without displacing ordinary labour, should exercise, without insulting, the industry of the operatives. No doubt such employment can scarcely be other than some form of spade-labour. Spade-labour for factory operatives is open to many objections, but it is better to face these objections than to acquiesce in another year's listless inactivity. Spade-labour may not suit the health of some, and it will, of course, make the hands of all less fit than before for the manipulation of machinery. This would be unjust, if there were other operatives to take their place in the mills when good times return. As it is, it will only render them for a time less efficient workmen in a department of labour for which they will have no competitors less disabled than themselves. We have but a choice of evils. We may permit half the population of the distressed unions to remain unemployed for one year or two years more, and in doing so we shall spread deep and wide among them the seeds of permanent demoralization. Or we may incur the reproach of hardness, and take in hand a difficult task by setting the population on some uncongenial work, and in doing so we shall help them to preserve their self-respect, while we have to listen to their murmurs.

Lastly, without going so far as to say that either Government or private individuals should at once encourage emigration from Lancashire on a large scale, we are convinced that it should not be discouraged. All who are most competent to give an opinion agree that under the most favourable circumstances—i.e. with immediate peace in America—a long time will almost certainly elapse before the whole of the operatives, whom years of prosperity have collected in Lancashire, can again find full employment. The evils from which emigration would assist in relieving us are great, certain, and immediate. An insufficient supply of labour in a particular department—the only evil in which emigration could possibly involve us—is an evil uncertain, remote, insignificant. It is insignificant, because in an old country but a short time is needed for its cure. The best mill hands would await the return of prosperity, however long deferred, because they would be the first to obtain employment, and their industry would be more lucrative in this than in newer countries. The inferior mill hands would be the first to take advantage of facilities for emigration, for their comparatively unin-

structed labour would win them higher wages abroad than at home. The latter, too, if they stayed in England, would soonest lose their self-respect; and it is better that new men should come hereafter from our too populous counties to take their places, if their places need filling, than that they should themselves stay here to obtain perhaps no more than partial employment for years to come, and meanwhile to facilitate the permanent demoralization of Lancashire.

While the future of Lancashire in this respect is gloomy and uncertain, the financial prospects of the dispensers of relief continue comparatively bright. The great contribution of 1,200,000*l.* has tested the goodwill of the country; and the large part of it that comes from distant counties has suggested to the operatives, and to many of them for the first time, that their richer fellow-countrymen in the South are not wholly absorbed in thoughtless enjoyment and selfish expenditure. On the other hand, the unstinting generosity with which many capitalists have thrown in their lot with their men, and have resolved, almost literally in some instances, to share with them their last loaf, has amply refuted much adverse criticism, and silenced many unfounded prejudices. The machinery for the distribution of relief has been organized in a manner and with an expedition worthy of the boasted intelligence of Lancashire, and the women of Lancashire have exhibited untiring self-devotion and infinite good sense in the management of the sewing-schools, an institution the importance of which almost entitles it to be called great. By means of the sewing-schools, shelter and occupation have been given to tens of thousands of the class for whom a time of idleness and want is a time of temptation and calamity. More than half a million sterling remains in the hands of the Committees, and in the presence of supplies sufficient for several months, the activity of subscribers is naturally suspended. But it is, or it ought to be, suspended only, for there is no doubt that in a few months a fresh stream of charity will be needed, not less ample than before. Beyond the limits of the distressed unions, the resources of Lancashire remain almost untouched. The special burthen imposed on it for the last quarter under the provisions of Mr. Villiers' Act does not reach 40,000*l.*, and such a sum, spread over so large a district, would be scarcely felt even had its own rates greatly risen, instead of remaining almost at their ordinary level. Liverpool itself is rated for the relief of its out-door poor, during the last quarter, at 13*d.* only, and the whole county of Lancashire, beyond the 21 unions under Mr. Farnell's charge, shares the general prosperity of Great Britain. If its history points to the county of Lancashire as the proper quarter to bear a larger share of the burthen of its distressed unions than Parliament has yet imposed upon it, there can be no doubt that its ability will be equal to its responsibility. We may perhaps assume that the interference of Parliament will be further extended in the direction which it has already taken, and that the people at large will continue contributions they are well able to afford; and in this case there is no reason to fear a want of funds to meet all the possible wants of Lancashire. We have already pointed out the real perils of the situation. They lie almost exclusively in the prospect of about half a million people remaining for months, and perhaps for a year or two years, in listless expectation of a renewal of their proper work. These perils are great and imminent. It is impossible to exaggerate their importance. Their consideration deserves the immediate attention of those who are acquainted with the distressed districts, and with the circumstances of the population; and their solution may perhaps require the intervention of Parliament.

THE PRESENT MILITARY STATE OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

GRADUALLY the veil which has for so long hidden the Confederate States from the view of Europe is being raised; and partly from letters addressed to the newspapers, partly from the reports of Englishmen and Southerners who have managed to pass the blockaded frontier, the truth regarding the present contest is beginning to be known. The more that truth becomes comprehended, the more apparent is it that the old laws of war are sound, and that the lessons learnt in Europe and understood by those who have commanded armies successfully have not been falsified by what is occurring on the other Continent. There are several circumstances which have enabled the South, with a smaller area and less numerous population, not only successfully to defend herself, but also, with but few exceptions, to acquire undoubted success. To understand the first point, viz., her means of defence, a hasty glance at the nature of the country now forming the Southern Confederacy will be necessary.

The greater portion of it is still covered with forest, and comparatively little has been cleared or reduced to cultivation. There are few roads, and these only suitable to the transport necessary for a thinly populated country. The numerous artillery and enormous baggage train which are the invariable accompaniments of a Federal army soon reduce these roads to swamps, and render them unavailable. The railroads are applicable almost entirely to defensive purposes, for whilst they furnish an army in position, or even retreating, with great facilities for transport, they are easily destroyed and rendered useless to the advancing enemy. There are two great lines of rail which intersect the Southern States—one passing from the Mississippi Valley to Richmond, through the north-western portions of the seaboard States, and through the southern part of Tennessee, the other following the same direc-

tion, but taking a more southerly course, and connecting together the seaport towns. The rivers are the weak points, affording as they do an easy means of access into the interior of the country for the gunboats with which the Federals are so well supplied. Many of these rivers are, however, only navigable after rain, and the very rain which furnishes water communication renders land operations impossible. It is, however, to the people of the South that the credit of waging a successful war is due. It is to their indomitable resolution, and their willingness to undergo privations and hardships, that their success must be attributed. Their armies are far inferior in numbers to those of the North. It is difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of their strength, partly from the careful manner in which information regarding military matters is kept secret, partly from the construction of the army, which, being composed principally of volunteers, is held together by far looser bands of discipline than a European force. The whole number under arms cannot be much more than 350,000, and may be divided as follows:—1st, the army under General Lee in Virginia; 2nd, the army under the immediate command of General Bragg, near Murfreesborough, Tennessee; 3rd, the army under General Pemberton, which is engaged in defending Mississippi, both in the direction of Grenada, and also at Vicksburg, and farther south on the confines of Louisiana; both these two last-named armies are within the district allotted to General Joe Johnson; 4th, the force in Texas, to which General Magruder has lately been allotted a command; 5th, the troops defending Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston, the latter under the command of General Beauregard.

If the North has had difficulties in organizing her armies, those of the South have been much greater, cut off as she was from communication with the world, and thrown without preparation on her own resources. The South, however, was fortunate, when the contest broke out, in possessing a statesman at the head of her Government who was sufficiently a soldier to know how to select his generals, and also how to let them alone and confide in their abilities when they had been selected. There are no differences of opinion as to President Davis. He may have made some enemies, but no one doubts his capacity. Next to him, and first among the generals, not only on account of his military genius, but from his noble qualities, stands General Lee. He, like nearly all the Confederate Generals, was an officer of the old United States army, and when the separation took place, at first doubted as to the course which his duty to his country would lead him to take. However, when he had resolved on his line of conduct, he embarked heart and soul in the cause, and now regards it as the noblest for which a man can fight. His character is said to resemble that of Washington. He is without ambition, love of his country being the motive of his actions, and by his personal conduct he sets an example of soldier-like qualities to the troops under his command. Joe Johnson stands next in the estimation of the Southern people. He bore a high character in the old United States army, and justified it by his defence of Yorktown, his masterly retreat from there to Richmond, and his conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks. At that battle he was badly wounded, and his wound is scarcely sufficiently cured to enable him to fulfil his present duties in the West. Beauregard is much beloved, especially by the people and troops of the Southern portion of the Confederacy; but it is said that he is not on good terms with President Davis, and that to that cause must be attributed his comparatively small command, viz. that of Charleston. The battle of Bull's Run, and the successful evacuation of Corinth before General Halleck's army, sufficiently attest his military qualities. These three men occupy the first rank among the generals of the Confederacy. As a division leader, "Stonewall" Jackson stands pre-eminently high. He not only possesses the religious enthusiasm attributed to some of the generals of the Commonwealth during the Rebellion in England, but also has inspired his troops with that feeling. They have the most thorough confidence in him, and willingly submit to the greatest hardships when led by him. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which, in June last, he defeated, or successfully evaded, the five generals sent to annihilate him in the Shenandoah Valley, leaving them there, and himself arriving, by forced marches, in time to relieve Richmond and defeat the army of the Potomac. His history is curious. A graduate of West Point, he was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Mexican campaign, and was styled by General Scott in his despatches "the brave Jackson." After that campaign he became a professor in the Military College of Virginia, where he was little appreciated. He is also an elder in the Presbyterian Church. On the breaking out of the present war, he was offered a command, and has well justified his selection. The two Generals Hill, Generals Longstreet, Bragg, Van Dorn, Price, Magruder, and many others, have acquired fame as divisional leaders; and as cavalry officers, Generals Stuart and Morgan occupy the highest place in the estimation of their countrymen. The latter, when selected to take command of a regiment by General Beauregard, was quite unconscious of his ability to perform the necessary duties. He at first refused the appointment, and was only finally induced to accept it on the understanding that he should be allowed to act independently with two or three troops as a partisan leader. General Morgan has been greatly assisted in his duties by an officer late of the English army.

The South has, indeed, been singularly fortunate in her generals, but generals alone will not ensure success; and a glance at the rank and file of the army cannot fail to be interesting.

Almost the whole white population of the South either is, or has been during the course of the war, under arms. One spirit influences the country, and that is hatred to the North. This feeling was much intensified by the threat of Mr. Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation, and is of course much stronger now that that proclamation has been issued. Men feel that they are fighting for their homes and their possessions as well as for their country; and it is to the spirit engendered by these feelings, rather than to superior discipline or organization, that the victories of their armies must be ascribed. General Beauregard himself stated this in a conversation with an English officer, and added, referring to a particular general, that to insist on points of discipline with these volunteers is apt to disgust them with the service, and ruin that very feeling which at present gains them the victory. In fact, he argued that, the time being too short to inspire a military *esprit de corps* into the army, strong passions are the best substitute for it. The same complaint of the want of good regimental officers is made in the South as in the North, although the deficiency is not so great, owing to the education and breeding of the Southern gentlemen. Many of these gentlemen have indeed behaved nobly. Some have raised companies, armed and equipped them, and then taken service in those very companies as private soldiers. There is another point which General Beauregard insisted on, and that was, the necessity of bringing the troops as near the enemy as possible; in fact, he was inclined in some instances to prefer the smooth bore musket, loaded with a cartridge of ball and buck shot combined, to the rifle. The men fight in skirmishing or rather loose order, each man to a certain degree independently. Like all undisciplined troops, they are now and then subject to panics, and will straggle on the line of march. They submit to the greatest hardships, and are often in rags, the coarse brown cloth made in the country, which forms the only uniform they possess, being worn out by constant use. Of shoes there was a great deficiency, but it is almost supplied at the present time. The South has organized manufactures, and the ladies of the Confederacy employ their time and effect a great saving to the Government by making clothing for the troops. Individual exertions supply the place of proper organization. If a company is in want of clothing, a trusty man is despatched to the locality from which that company has been raised, and soon returns loaded with the contributions of the villages; the carpets even are stripped from the floors and cut into pieces to furnish blankets for the troops. The troops are well armed, a large portion with European rifles, which have been run through the blockade; and the numerous stands of arms captured from the North have also supplied many regiments. Not infrequently, a man will be seen throwing down his own musket, and picking up from the battle-field some rifle, the former property of a Yankee. Indeed, it is a common saying among Southerners that the ordnance officer of the Federals is the greatest man of the age, as he has supplied both the armies with arms. The cavalry is far superior to that of the North; the men ride well, and, at least in Virginia, are often of good family. Fox-hunting is still kept up in many of the Southern States. Still, the fire-arm, even in the Confederate cavalry, is more often used than the *arme blanche*, and the sabre and bayonet have played but a small part in American battles. The Confederates do not trust to artillery as much as the Federals; they are sparing of their ammunition, perhaps because they have not so much to waste. The larger proportion of their guns and stores have been captured from the North, and General Pope was much regretted by them when he was dismissed, he having been the means of furnishing their army with many necessities. Among other articles captured from him, were eight locomotive engines, and about one hundred railway cars. It would, however, be unfair not to give the Confederates credit for their manufactories. All descriptions of arms are made, from the revolver to the rifled cannon. They have even invented a new description of gun, with which the second *Merrimac* is armed. It is a combination of Blakeley's and Dahlgren's principles, and, with a charge of thirty pounds of powder, will fire a 140-pound cylindrical bolt.

And now, before going further, let us see how fully the old traditions of war have been borne out. 1st. Armies of inferior numbers, led by gentlemen, and trusting to themselves and not to *matériel*, have won victories over much larger forces. 2nd. The old saying of Napoleon, "Celui qui partagera ses forces sera battu en détail," has been fully verified. 3rd. Those troops who have advanced nearest the enemy have been successful, for victories cannot be won at long ranges, although men may be slaughtered. And 4th. Undisciplined troops have been unable to follow up victories. It is a sad spectacle for a soldier to see how, on both sides, the fruits of victory have been thrown away, from want of knowledge among the officers and of organization among the troops.

Let us now glance at the map of the South, and notice the several points either menaced or actually attacked. Virginia has ceased to be the most interesting theatre of the war. Richmond may now be considered safe. It is defended by Lee's victorious troops, surrounded with earthworks, weak to European eyes, but strong to resist the troops of the North, should they advance so far. The river is guarded by the fortifications of Drury's Bluff or Fort Darling, and by the new *Merrimac*, who awaits her consorts. Charleston, under the able command of General Beauregard—trusting to her forts, the shallowness of the harbour, her iron-clad steamers, and the difficult nature of the forests and swamps that surround her—hopes to resist successfully; fully resolved, how-

ever, if resistance should fail, to fall gloriously. Mobile professes the same indomitable spirit—determined to be laid in ashes rather than undergo the fate of New Orleans. The intricate navigation of the shallow waters on which she stands, which would necessarily bring the invading ships under the guns of her works, affords a better guarantee of safety than the forts at the mouth of her harbour. Her position is an important one, defending, as she does, the entrance to two navigable rivers, which afford communication far into the interior. It was a great day for Mobile when the *Oreto* steamed into her harbour. She entered unarmed, pursued for thirty miles by the blockading squadron, receiving their fire, but, by her speed, escaping without serious injury. She has lately passed out without hindrance, having taken on board a heavy armament of rifled guns, and a numerous crew. Vicksburg, however, has latterly been the point of interest for the Southern cause. In June last she endured a bombardment of six weeks, from two fleets of gunboats, but unattacked by a land force. Since that time, additional fortifications have been added and new batteries erected. The wood which covered the point of land opposite the town, on the right bank of the Mississippi, has been felled, to afford a clear sweep for her guns. The adjoining country is thickly covered with forest, and immediately surrounding the town is broken up by deep ravines. A railroad runs into the town from Jackson. From the news lately received, it would appear that the efficacy of these defences has been proved, and that Vicksburg is for the present safe. General Sherman, a really good soldier, has been made the victim of the failure, and removed by the Federal Government from the command. The defence made by the Confederates at Port Hudson is both unexpected and of great importance; for not only has the Mississippi squadron of gunboats been prevented from joining in the attack on Vicksburg, but also the communication between Texas and the Confederate States, on the left bank of the river, is kept open, and the supplies of cattle furnished by that State will therefore not be cut off. The State of Mississippi is fully prepared to resist to the utmost, and her dense forests, her swampy streams and rivers, will afford her many capabilities for so doing. The planters have sent most of their slaves to Texas, and, with the fate of their friends of Louisiana before their eyes, are resolved to endure all rather than give in. In Tennessee, General Rosenzanz appears to have, for the present, secured the safety of Nashville, and thus counterbalanced the capture of Holly Springs by the Confederates. If true, the cutting of the rail at Knoxville may cause some inconvenience. News from the West must be looked for with some anxiety; but few can doubt, after an impartial consideration of the state of affairs, that the cause of the South must eventually triumph, and that, whether right or not in the theoretical justification of Secession, she has earned the good opinion of the world by the manner in which she has endured and fought for that cause. The boast of the Southerners is, that their country supplies corn and meat, that they can manufacture arms and powder, and, even if their cities are captured, that they will fight to their last man among their forests and swamps. It will require wiser statesmen, better generals, and braver troops than the North now possesses to conquer such men.

THE DUKE OF AUMALE'S BOOK.

A CHAPTER in literary history is wanting. Whether it demands a Walpole or a Disraeli is uncertain; but a supplement either to the *Royal and Noble Authors* of the one, or to the *Quarrels of Authors* of the other, is likely to be supplied by contemporary facts. At the present moment France, both in the dynasty which it has expelled, and in the ruler whom it has accepted, may claim two distinguished professors of the craft of letters. Neither the Duke of Aumale nor the Emperor Louis Napoleon is seeking an introduction to the republic of authorship. The author of the Napoleonic Ideas and the author of the *Letter on French History* are no tyros in writing; and it might be thought that the low rivalries which bring on a literary duel between the editors of penny provincial newspapers had no place in the serene closet of an Author-Emperor. But it is not so. The passions of the editor of the *Edinburgh Gazette* mount up to the Olympus of the Tuileries. *Vatum quoque gratia rara est.* It is a small but characteristic vice in one author to damage his brother. Literary dog preys on literary dog. The confiscation of the forthcoming *History of the Prince of Condé* is merely a sharp book-seller's trick in favour of the forthcoming *Life of Cesar*. Probably it was thought that the firmament of French thought could not endure two great lights at once. An Emperor's book and an exiled Royal Highness's book could not move in friendly orbits. To avoid collision and crash among the stars must have been the motive for prohibiting the publication in France of the Duke of Aumale's work. Messrs. Longman and Mr. Murray would either of them, perhaps, be glad if their respective books of the season did not appear simultaneously. It is one of the advantages which an Imperial writer possesses, that he can forestall the market. The Prefect of Police stands instead of a considerable amount of advertising. It is only in the interests of the Emperor's publisher that M. Lévy's property has been seized; and the *Life of Cesar* will undoubtedly be benefited by depriving the French Musée of the counter-attraction of the Duke of Aumale's History.

For of course it would be absurd to suppose that mere professional rivalry or personal antipathy had anything to do with the

razzia just executed on M. Lévy's investment in types and paper. Still less can it be imagined that an unsuccessful bidder for a picture at Prince Demidoff's sale has taken this strange means of wreaking vengeance on a more liberal patron of art. *Tantane animis caelestibus ira?* Can the calm Imperial mind be agitated by such low passions and inflamed by such miserable jealousies? Does the ruler of the Tuileries, the Elect of France, the Saviour of Society, the dispenser of glory, wealth, and prosperity to the happy millions who choose, as well as accept, his rule, feel himself compelled to enter into a personal wrangle with a brother-student in history? Does he feel the ground so tottering, and his grasp of empire so insecure, that he must proscribe an exiled candidate for a little literary reputation? Can he not afford to be, if not generous to a common craft, at least contemptuously silent on the possible success of an exiled rival? Is it of the nature of despotism that it must be mean, jealous, and vindictive—that it must display all the miserable spite and malice of the lowest Grub Street cabals? A necessity seems to be laid on the French Emperor that he cannot, if he would, be great. At the very moment when, in his speech on delivering the awards to the French Exhibitors, he reminds France that she has much to learn from England, especially in the unrestrained liberty allowed to the manifestation of all opinions, he is compelled by the necessities of his position to point this moral with a terrible practical illustration. Is it in bitter irony, or in the wantonness and insolence of tyranny that he praises the English liberty of the press in the very same week that he carries the French proscription of liberty of thought to a height unknown before? The newspapers have produced what they call the martyrology of the French newspaper press for the last year. Warnings and *avertissements* and suppressions of reviews and journals, though prolonged to a ghastly catalogue almost reminding us of the length and ferocity of the *Papal Index*, are at least within the letter of the law. But to seize a book already authorized is a proceeding of the nature of a *coup d'état*. It is acknowledged that the last step of despotism is totally without precedent. The instrument of oppression candidly admitted that he knew nothing about the law of the case—a superfluous admission, considering that the seizure was avowedly illegal. It is as superfluous in the prefect to ignore the French law as it is in Mr. Lincoln to justify his proceedings by quoting the Federal Constitution.

It is by these little things that the Emperor allows the world to get a glimpse of his real estimate of his precarious position; and that he does permit us even for a moment to peep behind the dark curtain with which he shrouds his melancholy consciousness of insecurity, only shows how really small he is, and how serious are his misgivings. A great man, however doubtful he might be about the future, would at least conceal his secret terrors. To affect unassailable confidence in oneself is at least the politic course to secure confidence from others. But even to simulate contempt requires a higher order of mind than to gratify personal malevolence. The Emperor, at any rate, is not superior to the vulgar temptation. The persecution of the Duke of Anmale is at once a blunder and a crime; and it is one of those cases in which a blunder is the more fatal. Tyranny can hardly afford to be spiteful, and yet it is compelled to be spiteful because it is tyranny. And till the Imperial Government is lucky enough to get up another war to keep the people's thoughts engaged, it must go on with these little petty acts of violence and wrong. The steam hammer must turn out tenpenny nails if it cannot be always forging anchors. Paternal Government, from the imperious necessity of the case, must not only be always interfering, but must always display the inconvenient obligation of interfering. Despotism is a hard taskmaster. Like the busy demon in the tale, it is always returning to the victim who has sold his soul, and is always demanding new tasks, however extravagant, and fresh occasions, however inconvenient, for exercising its insatiable and craving activity and power. The trial of M. Montalembert and the proceedings in 1861 against the publishers of the Duke of Anmale's letter to the Prince Napoleon, are instances of the demands which the daughter of the horseleech makes. Press prosecutions are not, we believe, a matter of choice, but they are of necessity. And, to do the authorities justice, they get over the ugly necessity as well as they can. Not a newspaper in France is permitted to say one word about the interviews between the Prefect of Police and M. Lévy. The prosecution of MM. Duméray and Beau two years ago was conducted with closed doors. It is the homage which vice pays to virtue that it is obliged to sin on the sly. It is something of a compliment to France that this last, and, in some sense, the greatest assault on what little of liberty was left to speech, has been perpetrated in silence and darkness. A secret assassination shows that the murderer distrusts even public opinion. Charles I. was beheaded before high Heaven, and in open day; but a Napoleon finds it more convenient to dispose of his victims either in a ditch or in the *oubliettes* of the secret police.

The consolation about the whole matter is, that things cannot stop where they are. It will hardly do for the Emperor to admit that the case is an isolated one, and that he had a personal interest in preventing any unpleasant contrast between the heroes of Rocroi and Strasburg. Mere jealousy of the eulogist of the Great Condé, however much it may have been a real, must always remain an unacknowledged, motive in this transaction. It is to be accepted as a specimen rather than an exception; and the more we have of these arbitrary interferences with historical research, the better both for France and the world. There can be but one

end to this sort of thing. Press prosecutions only create the materials on which they live. Literary persecution runs a very certain course; and if French wit and French literature are stimulated to display all their powers and their ingenuity, even the present active Prefect of the Police and the gentleman to whom is entrusted the licensing of plays, pamphlets, articles, and, as it now seems, books will, in the long run, find intellect one too many for them. There is no knowing what book-makers can do if they are compelled to try. A Treatise on the Differential Calculus might be so constructed as to bring out incidentally, and in some mystic symbolism, an appeal against tyranny. Another subtle Plutarch or Cornelius Nepos may draw out the history of Tiberius with unmistakable allusions; and if there were a public-spirited preacher in France, it might be managed to insinuate awkward thoughts, like those of our Homilies,—godly and wholesome, and yet necessary for their times,—on the characters of Herod, or Pontius Pilate, or Saul. There is plenty of work cut out for the censors of the French press; and it is happily that sort of work which can only end in the final ruin of the workmen.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF A PRINCE.

THAT portion of the Press which has kindly undertaken to train up the Prince of Wales in the paths of wisdom and peace has been pressing him very closely of late. Voluntary tasks are always accomplished with willingness and enthusiasm, and the newspapers have as yet evinced no indication of being weary of instructing our future monarch. Prince Alfred was very nearly falling in for a share of their awakening lectures while there was a distant probability of his accepting the Crown of Greece, but since his refusal of it, their admonitions have been reserved exclusively for the elder brother. That they have been administered with no sparing hand, the Prince's guides will probably acknowledge. They are determined to make him feel that even the condition of the heir apparent is not wholly free from bitterness. Jeremy Taylor tells us that princes ought to have the largest share of trouble, "that the uneasiness of their appendage may divide the good and evil of the world," and also because of the vanity of a man's spirit, "which a great fortune is apt to swell from a vapour to a bubble." It will not be through lack of vigilance on the part of the newspapers if the Prince's vapour swells into a bubble. But since it does not look well to be always upbraiding where there is no fault, the newspapers now and then invent a story which affords tangible provocation for fresh advice. A couple of reigns ago, the public journals generally used to exercise their ingenuity in representing Royal faults in the mildest possible light. Now they exert it in searching for faults, and when they can find none, in bearing false witness. It is not in human nature to be satisfied with anything. The fact is that the Prince of Wales is a little too circumspect for some of his advisers. They would like to see him go astray occasionally, in order that their rebuke might be additionally impressive. Not very long ago, a "pious" organ horrified its readers, in a season of most refreshing revivals, by the discovery that the Prince of Wales had visited the Pope, as a preliminary step to his embracing the Roman Catholic faith. Similarly gifted hands have since been dealing with his private life. It would be very hard on the humblest gentleman of the land if he were not able to go out for a day's shooting without being made the hero of a fictitious and scandalous story by the county press, and we cannot see that the case is any better when the victim is the Prince of Wales. Cinder-sifters of local papers must needs set their feeble wits to work to scrape a living together, but one might have thought that the London press would have more self-respect than to seize eagerly, and republish, every idle stupid story affecting the Royal Family. But the appetite for scandal is strong, and there will always be found men mean and unscrupulous enough to pander to it. It is a little too much, however, that such persons should seriously set themselves to work to instil principles of rectitude and uprightness into the mind of a Prince who has been as well brought up as any young man in the three kingdoms. He has, doubtless, ere this learned the exact degree of attention it is expedient to pay to the pack of mongrels which runs snapping and snarling after him, as well as to draw a very broad line indeed between that portion of the press which will never trouble him with advice until there is grave occasion for it, and the other portion which, in the presence of a real emergency, would be incompetent to give a single useful suggestion.

The last occasion on which the whole line of sharpshooters opened fire upon the Prince was the day he came of age. An equally appropriate event is at hand—his marriage—and already the preceptors are getting their solemn talk ready. They know that to anticipate the lecture would be to spoil it, and so at present they limit themselves to suggestions in relation to the ceremonial itself. One or two correspondents go a little further, and try to turn the Prince's mind from hunting and other frivolous vanities, to the tremendous responsibilities he is about to incur:—

When the Prince of Wales (says one writer) accepts, as a personal happiness, the ties and obligations of a husband, he gives to his future people a material pledge that his domestic life will be as unsullied and graceful as the lives of the majority of his fellow countrymen are, who rightly regard the "wife and children" as their richest treasure this side the grave.

Will these wiseacres be content if the domestic life of the Prince

is as unsullied as the lives of the "majority" of his countrymen? We rather think that they expect a little more of him. But it is sad to find that those who have carefully studied his nature and disposition perceive that he is not yet worked up to the proper pitch of solemnity for the awful enterprise of matrimony. He stands in sore need of admonition and earnest counsel. So one of his friends of the fourth estate bids him think calmly over his past life, and "weed" himself of anything he can detect wrong in his inclinations. To help him on with this moral gardening we are advised as a nation to "pray for him," as for one in a strait of some peril and anxiety—which, indeed, might be said of almost every one who is about to be married. "It is no light thing," says the sage, "to enter the marriage state;" and we are quite sure that all his married readers will unhesitatingly confirm the statement. It will be remembered that Captain Cuttle's friend felt the terrors of the position so keenly that, while on his way to the church, he attempted to double round the corner and run away; but the lady was too nimble for him, and eventually carried him off an unwilling trophy to the parson. Thinking perhaps of this incident, the Prince's friends try to raise his spirits a little, while giving him a seasonable warning. Although the state into which he is about to enter is "most onerous," he is told that it may also be "the most happy, if he so wills it;" and, therefore, there is nothing to be alarmed about. And, by way of celebrating the wedding-day with fitting festivities, various correspondents show us what it is our duty to do. One suggests that we should all wear a "rosette of white ribbon," which would not only have a neat and pretty effect, but contribute greatly to the enjoyment of the street-boys, especially in London. Another lays down propositions much more elaborate in a column and a quarter of print. "Perhaps," says he—

you may think it worth while to take occasion to advise that throughout the country, but especially in this solemn, dull, though busy metropolis of our own, there be provision at once organized by the Government, and the proper municipal or parochial authorities, that shall stamp irremovably and joyfully the circumstance and date of the Prince of Wales's marriage in the minds of old and young, rich and poor, for the second and third generation beyond this of our own.

Here the sad note is completely changed. Lecturing is put off till after the marriage, when no doubt the good word will be spoken in season and out of season. In the meanwhile, we are advised to make merry without stint. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus—let him devote part of it to the amusements of the people. If we don't wear white ribbons, let us do something to keep up the day:—

If (remarks the correspondent we have just quoted) the City of London is in the mind to use properly concerted action for her share in these entertainments, she may, if she do not care to originate her gay attire, take pattern either from Brussels or Paris to set in order and apparel herself for a superb display.

"Continuous devices"—whatever they may be—should adorn the streets, and coloured lamps, "leading up to a focus of ornamental attraction," should form a "simultaneous and homogeneous tribute." The style of this passage might lead us to suppose that the writer is a cunning lamp-oil maker, but upon reading further we see that he is too learned to be a tradesman. He understands about old mysteries and masques, and suggests that managers of theatres should prepare diversions of the kind Ben Jonson laid before the Court in his day. He gives a sample of the masque of "Beauty," and says that the eight elements of beauty

so fitly type our expectations of the Prince of Wales's bride that you must permit me, sir, to quote them and their adornment in their order here, and I sincerely trust that the hint will not be thrown away upon the lessees of our larger metropolitan theatres.

First, this gentleman would have placed on the stage Splendour, "in a robe of flame colour, naked-breasted," and followed by Serenitas, with a sun shining on her head; then Letitia should appear, "her eyes turning up and smiling," and then Temperies, clad in a very slight fashion—"on her head a garland of flowers, &c., her socks as a garment." Other young ladies might follow in various characters. In the streets there should be "open shows, music, banquets, reviews, bonfires, and fireworks." Some scenic artists should get up a few decorations to stick in the public squares, "avenues, and promenades." This is, perhaps, the brightest suggestion of all. We could not be otherwise than happy with a fairy transformation scene in front of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and public banquets at every corner where all might take their fill without question:—

If this good counsel be adopted (says the gentleman in conclusion) and persistently carried into effect all over the kingdom, much of the regret which is everywhere expressed at the comparative seclusion which is "by authority" to envelop the ceremony and august purpose, by performing it at Windsor, will be very considerably lessened.

We hope so; and we must do the writer the justice to own that the worst one can say of his suggestions is, that they are either impracticable or childish and ridiculous. He means no harm, and so far he is superior to the crowd of critics who are ever peering into the Prince's character in the hope of finding a flaw in it. A "sensation" story about the Heir-Apparent may sell a few extra copies of a paper, but nothing is gained in the long run by picking up such dirty money. No newspaper deserves to be called decent which needlessly and wantonly insults the Queen or any of her children. It is almost enough to make one ashamed of journalism to watch the course pursued by papers which affect to represent a class, and that, in one or two instances, a "religious" class. If they could but see that they are not

nearly so wise, nor the Prince of Wales so foolish, as they have hitherto imagined, and that he would possibly make a shift to get on very well without their helping hand, there would then be an end to the silly gossip and to the sillier lectures with which it is now sought to plague him.

REVIEWS.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

(Third Notice.)

MR. KINGLAKE candidly allows that the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope was not an act of treachery on the part of Russia, as the people of this country commonly believed, but an act of fair and open war. Nevertheless, that event roused the spirit of the English people to such a pitch as to be beyond the control of any but a very strong Government, and at once transferred the struggle—without, perhaps, any diplomatic reason of a very assignable kind—from the sphere of negotiation to that of force. Still, the war might have been kept within moderate proportions, had it been waged on the defensive principle, to clear the Czar's army out of the Principalities, and to secure the territories of the Sultan. Its character was entirely changed when we undertook the invasion of the Crimea. The struggle then became one of the most tremendous magnitude, while the separation of the two Western Powers from their confederates became complete; for of course Austria and Prussia, although ready to put forth their force, in concert with France and England, for the delivery of the Principalities, were not ready to enter into an aggressive war, much less to take part in a great maritime expedition.

The invasion of the Crimea, to the threshold of which we are now brought, is, morally speaking, one of the most marvellous events in history. If it has any parallel, it is the expedition which the Athenians, intoxicated with adventurous daring, undertook, in defiance of the councils of their best military advisers, against Syracuse; and, if the issue of the English was not so calamitous as that of the Athenian enterprise, the difference seems really to have been due more to fortunate accident than to anything which could be the ground of calculation. The expedition was undertaken against the judgment of Lord Raglan, and so far as appears, of all the military and even of the best naval authorities. For although Lyons, in his hatred of Russia, and his ardent desire of action, threw himself heartily into it, to undertake a great military enterprise at his suggestion would have been about as wise as to undertake a great naval enterprise at the suggestion of Lord Anglesey or Murat. Not only so, but the Government and the Generals were without any satisfactory information as to the amount of resistance and danger to be encountered in the country which it was proposed to invade. Mr. Kinglake thinks that the blame of the failure to obtain trustworthy knowledge on this vitally momentous point attaches more to the Ambassadors, who had been in the Levant for many months while the sources of inquiry were open, than to the military and naval commanders who had been on the spot only since the sources of inquiry were closed by war. Whoever was to blame, however, the fact was that from the country to be invaded itself no glimmer of information had come. The inquiries of our Foreign Office alone afforded a precarious light, the indications of which, however, happily proved tolerably correct. Marshal St. Arnaud had heard a rumour, which he appears to have believed, that the force of the enemy in the Crimea was 70,000. Admiral Dundas had received a statement that it amounted to 120,000. The upshot was, that Lord Raglan, when he sailed on the expedition, "certainly considered that in regard to the strength of the enemy in the Crimea, and the land defences of Sebastopol, he was simply without knowledge." A more haphazard adventure, a more complete escapade, cannot be named in the whole history of war.

What power, then, sent Lord Raglan against his own judgment and all in the dark to the Crimea? Nominally, a stringent despatch from his Government; really, the excited spirit of a nation burning for an adventure, and from long desuetude ignorant of war. But between these two forces there intervened another, wielding the passion of the people, and at this moment overpowering the Government. The invasion of the Crimea is the most memorable instance of the power of the *Times*. With a true insight into history, penetrating through the conventional account of matters, Mr. Kinglake has grasped this fact and brought it out into strong relief. His description of the influence which in effect took the conduct of the war out of the hands of the Government will be often cited by those who may write the history of our age. It has made the *Times* vince in a way which shows that it is not only pungent but true. After explaining that in old times the general public of England used to take the trouble of thinking for themselves, and showing how they were partly relieved of this trouble by the intervention of public writers, he proceeds to observe that people were still placed under the difficulty of having to choose between the counsels of rival journalists; so that room was still left for a further improvement, which an enterprising "Company" undertook on behalf of the nation:—

Long before the outbreak of the war there were living in some of the English counties certain widows and gentlemen, who were the depositaries of a power destined to exercise a great sway over the conduct of the war. Their ways were peaceful, and they were not perhaps more turned towards politics than other widows and country gentlemen, but by force of deeds and testaments, by force of births, deaths, and marriages, they had become the

members of an ancient firm or Company which made it its business to collect and disseminate news. They had so much good sense of the worldly sort, that instead of struggling with one another for the control of their powerful engine, they remained quietly at their homes, and engaged some active and gifted men to manage the concern for them in London. The practice of the Company was to issue a paper daily, containing an account of what was going on in the world, together with letters from men of all sorts and conditions who were seeking to bring their favourite subjects under the eye of the public, and also a few short essays upon the topics of the day. Likewise, upon paying the sum required by the Company, any person could cause whatever he chose to be inserted in the paper as an "advertisement," and the sheet containing these four descriptions of matter was sold to the public at a low rate.

It is then shown how the journal flourished by the extraordinary enterprise of the Company in the gathering of intelligence, so that it became the greatest in the world; and how, having attained that eminence, it gained still greater strength by opening itself as the common resort and asylum of all the theories, grievances, and passions of the world. But a further improvement was to come:—

Still, up to this point the Company occupied ground in common with many other speculators, and if they had gone no further, it would not have been my province to notice the result of their labours. But many years ago it had occurred to the managers of this Company that there was one important article of news which had not been effectually supplied. It seemed likely that, without moving from his fireside, an Englishman would be glad to know what the bulk of his fellow-countrymen thought upon the uppermost questions of the day. The letters received from correspondents furnished some means of acquiring this knowledge, and it seemed to the Managers of the Company, that at some pains and at a moderate cost it would be possible to ascertain the opinions which were coming into vogue, and see the direction in which the current would flow. It is said that with this intent, they many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places, and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers. He became so skilled in his peculiar calling that, as long as he served them, the Company was rarely misled; and although in later times they were frequently baffled in their pursuit of this kind of knowledge, they never neglected to do what they could to search the heart of the nation.

The method in which the managers made use of the knowledge they had gathered by this process is described in the following passage, from which the English public may see how it has been led, and decide whether it will follow the same leading for the future, or return to the habits of a less advanced civilization, and take upon itself again the burden of liberty of thought:—

Their method was as follows:—they employed able writers to argue in support of the opinion which, as they believed, the country was already adopting, and, supposing that they had been well informed, their arguments of course fell upon willing ears. Those who had already formed a judgment saw their own notions stated and pressed with an ability greater than they could themselves command; and those who had not yet come to an opinion were strongly moved to do so, when they saw the path taken by a Company which notoriously strove to follow the changes of the public mind. The report which the paper gave of the opinion formed by the public was so closely blended with arguments in support of that same opinion, that he who looked at the paper merely to know what other people thought, was seized as he read by the cogency of the reasoning; and on the other hand, he who imagined that he was being governed by the force of sheer logic, was merely obeying a guide who, by telling him that the world was already agreed, made him go and flock along with his fellows; for as the utterance of a prophecy is sometimes a main step towards its fulfilment, so a rumour asserting that multitudes have already adopted a given opinion will often generate that very concurrence of thought which was prematurely declared to exist. From the operation of this double process it resulted of course that the opinion of the English public was generally in accord with the writings of the Company; and the more the paper came to be regarded as a true exponent of the national mind, the more vast was the publicity which it obtained.

At the period in question some people might think that the great newspaper governed all England, and others that England governed the newspaper. Philosophic politicians might trace events to public opinion, practical men might ascribe them to the *Times*. What was certain was that the power of the journal, whether collective or that of an individual writer, was absolute over all worldly men. To such men its words were, to use Mr. Kinglake's expression, "the handwriting on the wall."

Of the manner in which this power has been wielded, Mr. Kinglake gives a description which is certainly calm and judicial, and which will, we think, be acknowledged to be true:—

In general, the *Times* had been more willing to lead the nation in its tendencies to improvement than to follow it in its errors: what it mainly sought was—not to be much better or wiser than the English people, but to be the very same as they were, to go along with them in all their adventures, whether prudent or rash, to be one with them in their hopes and their despair, in their joy and in their sorrow, in their gratitude and in their anger. So, although in general it was willing enough to repress the growth of any new popular error which seemed to be weakly rooted, still the whole scheme and purpose of the Company forbade it all thought of trying to make a stand against any great and general delusion. Upon the whole, the potentate dealt with England in a bluff, kingly, Tudor-like way, but also with a Tudor-like policy, for, though he treated all adversaries as "brute folk" until they became formidable, he had always been careful to mark the growth of a public sentiment or opinion, and, as soon as he was able to make out that a cause was waxing strong, he went up and offered to lead it; and so reigned.

One morning the great newspaper declared that Sebastopol must fall, and that the objects of the war could be accomplished by no other means. In those words the Government read their fate. Some of them, Lord Aberdeen especially, must have had qualms, but they knew the voice of doom. Therefore there went out, rather from the *Times* and the nation, than from the Government, a despatch to Lord Raglan, which he construed as leaving no choice open to a man of honour. Some members of the Ministry had, from the

beginning, thoroughly and conscientiously entered into the popular desire for the attack upon Sebastopol, and the despatch expressed their sentiments in the most decided manner. The same members of the Cabinet, it is just to say, had most vigorously pressed such an increase of the army as would supply proper means for the expedition. Lord Raglan, perplexed between his military convictions and what he regarded as the dictates of his honour, took Sir George Brown into his councils. Sir George Brown said, with great frankness, that without more certain information the expedition ought not to be undertaken; but that, nevertheless, he advised Lord Raglan to undertake it, because it was clear that the mind of the Government was made up, and that if he declined the responsibility, they would send some one else out to command the army, who would be less scrupulous and more ready to come into their plans. This suggestion, says Mr. Kinglake, did not at all govern Lord Raglan's decision. That which governed his decision was his reverence for the authority of the Duke of Wellington, one of whose theories was, that an officer commanding an army on foreign service owed obedience to the Home Government akin to that which a military subordinate owes to his military chief. But Mr. Kinglake very justly observes that, to construe the precepts of the great Duke rightly, we must apply to them the splendid context of his deeds. Whatever his theory might be, he never allowed his judgment on military matters to be superseded, or his designs to be thwarted, by the military opinions of the Home Government.

But how came it that a despatch so stringent passed a Cabinet containing such a variety of temperaments and views without the insertion of any qualifying words such as would have enabled Lord Raglan to act in some degree upon his own discretion? The answer to this question, as laid before us by Mr. Kinglake, is one of the strangest parts of this strange history:—

The Duke of Newcastle took the Despatch to Richmond, for there was to be a meeting of the members of the Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge, and he intended to make this the occasion for submitting the proposed instructions to the judgment of his colleagues. It was evening, a summer evening, and all the members of the Cabinet were present when the Duke took out the draught of his proposed despatch and began to read it. Then, there occurred an incident, very trifling in itself, but yet so momentous in its consequences, that if it had happened in old times it would have been attributed to the direct intervention of the immortal Gods. In these days, perhaps the physiologist will speak of the condition into which the human brain is naturally brought when it rests after anxious labours, and the analytical chemist may regret that he had not an opportunity of testing the food of which the Ministers had partaken, with a view to detect the presence of some narcotic poison; but no well-informed person will look upon the accident as characteristic of the men whom it befel, for the very faults, no less than the high qualities of the statesmen composing Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, were of such a kind as to secure them against the imputation of being careless and torpid. However, it is very certain that before the reading of the paper had long continued, all the members of the Cabinet except a small minority were overcome with sleep. For a moment the noise of a tumbling chair disturbed the repose of the Government; but presently the Duke of Newcastle resumed the reading of his draught, and then again the fatal sleep descended upon the eyelids of Ministers. Later in the evening, and in another room, the Duke of Newcastle made another and a last effort to win attention to the contents of the draught, but again a blissful rest (not, this time, actual sleep) interposed between Ministers and cares of State, and all, even those who from the first had remained awake, were in a quiet, assenting frame of mind. Upon the whole, the Despatch, though it bristled with sentences tending to provoke objection, received from the Cabinet the kind of approval which is often awarded to an unobjectionable sermon. Not a letter of it was altered; and it will be seen by-and-by, that that cogency in the wording of the Despatch, which could hardly have failed to provoke objection from an awakened Cabinet, was the very cause which governed events.

We are prepared to believe a great deal as to the laxity of Boards in passing papers for which they are only collectively, not individually, responsible. We are also prepared to believe a good deal as to the languid indifference with which Ministers, who have exhausted their powers of attention on Parliamentary contests and the business of their special departments, may acquiesce in despatches written by a colleague. But our powers of belief, we confess, are strained by the present narrative. If, however, the facts are as here related, the natural as well as charitable, and probably the true, inference is that the Government must have completely settled the substance of the despatch, so that the form was a matter of small importance. This of course would imply that they were more unanimous in desiring the invasion of the Crimea than we should have supposed, and than Mr. Kinglake believes, and would forbid us to lay a special share of the responsibility on any particular members of the Cabinet. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the Minister who, if this account be true, was left alone to frame the despatch, was also left alone to bear, and did bear with extraordinary fortitude—and, considering his difficulties, with wonderful success—the crushing task of administering the war.

This despatch, however, embodying, beyond doubt, the national feeling, sent the British army to the scene of its glory and its suffering in the Crimea. The French Government on its part was not forward to undertake the expedition, although it had instructed its General to concur in case the English should seem bent on undertaking it. The lesson which this history ought to teach, and almost to brand into the mind of the English people, is, that when the nation and the Government have resolved on war, they ought to leave its conduct entirely to military men. It is right, of course, that a Government should communicate to its Generals the political objects of the war, because those objects may sometimes determine the direction, and still more frequently limit the scope of military operations, but the mode of accomplishing those objects should be left in professional hands. In this case, the Government itself directed a military operation of

the most hazardous kind. The Government again was impelled by the *Times*, and the *Times* was the organ and exponent of popular feeling, ignorant of military matters, incapable of distinguishing between the end to be obtained in a war and the means which military science would take of obtaining it, and eager for random escapade. On popular feeling and its organs, ultimately, the responsibility rests. The Government did what a popular Government must do—it gave effect to the will of the nation. It might truly be said, *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*; but the *reges* were the *Times* and the people.

(To be continued.)

AURORA FLOYD.*

THERE can be no doubt that a new profession has been devised for women, and that they have a career before them which, if they choose to devote themselves to it, and have natural aptitude and good opportunities, will bring the successful aspirants handsome incomes and a little fame or notoriety, will give the more feeble and assiduous a nice little competency, and will always permit the unsuccessful to believe that they have only failed because they are not appreciated. Women can write novels. They can supply an article for which there is a constant demand, and can supply it without engaging in any of those contests with the harsh and scornful world which inevitably await the female physician or lawyer. Without leaving home or asserting a claim to any public position, they can take the pen and pour out the fancies of their fertile brains, and this very simple process is rewarded with heaps of gold and silver. We believe that the ladies have fully realized to themselves the greatness of the opportunity, and are willing to offer the public as many novels as even its voracious appetite can consume. It is almost as certain to bring in a thousand applicants if an advertisement asks for a new novel as if it asks for a governess. And although publishers and editors are apt to be a little bored with the profusion of Italian handwriting that is sent them, persons of an impartial benevolence may rejoice at the amount of interest, occupation, and amusement which the writers have thus secured, and may be glad that the still and monotonous surface of woman's life, of which ladies whom fate or choice prevents from suckling fools and chronicling small beer so much complain, is at least broken by the ripple of a tiny literary disappointment. But, although every woman may reasonably set herself to write a novel if she can, and although the grades of success are so infinite that she naturally expects not to be wholly excluded from them, yet it ought to be understood that anything like the higher kind of success is very far from easy to attain. *Aurora Floyd* appears to us about as good a specimen of the marketable ladies' novel as could be found. Further than that it does not go. There is no genius, or poetry, or high feeling, or delicate painting, or subtle observation in it. No one, we should think, could care to read any page of it twice. But as a professional work, as a piece of composition, to be sold by a woman for a certain sum of money, it is masterly; and we invite all that great army of female strugglers in the battle of life who wish to carry their literary flag triumphantly, to read the book carefully, and observe how much a woman must bring with her to the battle if she wants to write like Miss Braddon.

In the first place, the English of *Aurora Floyd* is wonderfully good. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the style is really good, for it is difficult to separate style from the matter of the composition, and the thoughts of *Aurora Floyd* are not perhaps very remarkable. But the English, the make of the sentences, and the choice of words, the easiness with which the sense is conveyed which the author wishes to convey, and the absence of all that is awkward and ponderous, are sufficient to satisfy the exigencies of the most rigid criticism. Then the plot, or rather the melodrama, of the book is most exciting. We are kept at the topmost pitch as long as possible; and the appeal to our wonder and horror is unsparingly made when it is made. We have adventures thrown in with a lavish hand. We have a heroine marrying a groom; we have two lovers accepted by the same woman in two chapters running, and both in the most honourable way and on the highest principles. We have bigamy, murder, divorces, eavesdropping, struggles between idiots and sea-captains, a lady whipping her stableman, criminal trials, horse-racing, and such things, until, if melodrama can please us, we ought to be as merry as crickets. It is a great feat to bring all these things in, and to bring them in naturally. The literary market just now demands excitement, without transgression of morality; and here the literary market gets its supply. All the crime is done under proper reprobation, and yet the writer and the readers have all the benefit of the crime. There are, more especially, two excellences in the management of the plot which deserve great commendation, and which should be attentively examined by minor members of the lady-novelist profession. Let them notice how well Miss Braddon manages her secret. There is a secret which runs all through the work, and which we suspect. But we do not know till quite the end what the exact secret is, and when we know it, we are not surprised at it. The secret of *Aurora Floyd* is much better managed than the secret of *Lady Audley*, and it required much courage in Miss Braddon to choose exactly the same substance of the secret—namely, the previous marriage of the principal wife of the story—and try her hand at writing it again, so as to make herself perfect in it. In the second place, Miss Braddon possesses

in a singular degree the art of going on rapidly with her story, and yet avoiding baldness and violent crises, and an appearance of hurrying. A great deal happens in each chapter, and if we turn back we are surprised to see how far, at the end of a chapter, we have drifted from the position in which we found the characters at the beginning.

Then Miss Braddon possesses the most varied information in that department of life an ignorance of which deprives so many women from writing any but mere domestic and country-curate tales. She knows all about men and their ways. She is up to everything. For the first time we have the pleasure of perusing a description, from the pen of a lady, of all the tastes and sports and literature of the sort of men who are born to amuse themselves. There is something quaint and tickling in finding that the pages of a lady's novel show an accurate knowledge of sporting, horses, dog-carts, tobacco, the signs of intoxication, and betting. Miss Braddon is a literary *filles du régiment*, and writes like a dashing young officer. There is an intimate acquaintance with *Bell's Life* displayed throughout, which beats people who are not up in all the events of the sporting year. We are continually expected to be alive to the intricacies of the "Great Ebor," and handicaps and steeplechases. When the heroine and the hero first meet, she begins by asking him whether "Thunderbolt has won the Leger," and on his playfully remarking that he knows no more of Thunderbolt than of King Cheops, she mildly and naturally replies, "Cheops wasn't much; he won the Liverpool Autumn Cup in Blink Bonny's year; but most people said it was a fluke." We are prepared for anything after this. We do not shrink from an allusion to the "argotic locutions of M. de Kock père," nor at the accurate pricing of tobacco—"Papa still smokes his Cubanas at fourpence-halfpenny a piece, or his mild Turkish at nine shillings a pound"—or at the opinion that "to drink spirituous liquors and play all-fours in the sanded tap-room of a sporting public" is a very delicious occupation. But although these touches have an excellent effect, and make Miss Braddon's men seem like real men, we can see that they might drive the ordinary lady novelist to something like despair. How is the poor thing to know about these matters? However zealous she may be for information, how can she make herself up in "Great Ebor" and "Autumn Meetings," and the price of tobacco, and the injudicious effects of drinking both beer and brandy—a point on which Miss Braddon's philosophy is copious and sound? Horace remarked that it does not fall to the lot of every man to get to Corinth; and the usual meek lady-novelist must console herself with thinking that it does not fall to the lot of every woman to be up in tobacco, and brandy-and-water, and horse-flesh.

Miss Braddon takes those who would like to rival her to much easier ground when she gets to her moral and philosophical reflections. In fact, she is then an imitator herself, and is not at much pains to disguise the imitation. She gives us in a form that is not disagreeable, and with her usual facility and pleasantness of writing, her reminiscences of the philosophical portions of Mr. Thackeray's novels. We have several pages about topics which he has already rendered familiar to us—the interest of servants in the affairs of their employers; the improbability that anyone marries his or her first love; the secrets that lie hid in old letters. There can be no reason for the introduction of these reflective digressions in *Aurora Floyd*, except that they are dear to the heart of the authoress. To the reader they seem old and stale, and a needless interruption of the story; but to her they were, we may imagine, little green spots in the hard work of producing a marketable novel. It is very hard on a lady to have to go on and on, without rest, hammering out the evil consequences of a concealed bigamy, and depicting the bad effects of mixing beer and brandy. Reproducing the philosophical remarks of her favourite author must be to her like lying down on a sofa after a long walk. She rarely, however, lets herself rest, for in all things she does her best. She works hard to give a good tone to the book, and to show the affection for the nobler parts of men's character which no one can for a moment doubt she feels sincerely. There are flashes of indignant truth and high feeling in passages where she takes up her parable against the inanity of foolish young officers, and the "cockney conceit which is called knowledge of the world." That the book is edifying, or that the fortunes of a lady who has married a groom secretly are in any way worth recording except as a source of marketable literary excitement, it would be idle to pretend. But while the book is interesting, it is harmless; and it impresses us, before we have finished it, not only with a sense of the great powers of the authoress in the sphere of marketable novel-writing, but also with a conviction that she has a vein of feeling higher than the world of Great Ebor, and tobacco, and brandy-and-water, and that this feeling is perfectly genuine and unaffected.

MORISON'S LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. BERNARD.*

THERE are two styles of biographical composition adopted by those who undertake to write the lives of the great religious heroes of the middle ages, both of which fail of giving a fair representation of the men portrayed. There is the servile style and the patronizing style. On the whole, it is not easy to decide which of the two is the more erroneous and the more disagreeable. The former is that which is practised by Roman Catholic hagiographers, and their

* *Aurora Floyd*. By M. E. Braddon. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1863.

* *The Life and Times of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*. By James Cotter Morison, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman & Hall.

imitators in an extreme school of the Church of England. With writers of this stamp, a "Saint" is a being removed beyond the scope of human criticism. If he had infirmities (as the awkward confessions of contemporaries testify), or committed grievous faults, either in him they became virtues, or they are not to be recorded, as not conducing to "edification." To so ludicrous an extent is this view of the biographer's duties carried, that even Lingard's earliest edition of his English History was put upon the Roman *Index Expurgatorius*, because he ventured to hint that A Beckett was not always impelled by the purest motives in his contest with Henry. Criticism as to matters bordering in the slightest degree upon the supernatural is necessarily put aside as rationalist, Protestant, unbelieving; and the more preposterous and silly a miraculous story appears, the more greedily is it adopted as historically true.

The patronizing school is perhaps less offensive, and less untrue in details of fact, but it has scarcely more claim to be treated as a solution of the strange problem of human existence, as it showed itself in the vigorous and prolific days when the foundations of our modern life were laid. Mr. Carlyle, to whom Mr. Morison dedicates his volume, patronizes his "heroes" with a sufficiently unpleasant consciousness of an immeasurable superiority; but it passes endurance to hear his small imitators measuring every past generation by the standard of the London literary man, and talking as though we of this happy day had attained to the very zenith of all possible wisdom and understanding.

Notwithstanding the "deep reverence and gratitude" of Mr. Morison's dedication, his book is a rare example of a mode of writing a Saint's Life, which comes under neither of these two objectionable extremes. There is nothing of the real Carlyle flavour about it, except that here and there the author suddenly attempts the picturesque style of history, and lapses into the present tense for a few sentences. A word or two also of the Carlylese dialect betrays now and then his love for his master, as when he asks us whether St. Bernard was not a "broad man." In other respects, Mr. Morison writes in good honest English, clearly, and forcibly, and worthily of his brilliant subject—so well, indeed, that we marvel to light occasionally upon a word used in a strangely mistaken sense. "Caducous" is, of course, Carlylese; but why say "discrepancy" for "difference," in the sense of a quarrel? or the "observation" for the "observance" of piety? As a translator of medieval Latin, Mr. Morison is especially successful, and his numerous extracts from Bernard's letters and sermons will convince the unlearned reader that the estimation in which "the Last of the Fathers" has always been held as a writer and preacher is not extravagant. The letters are naturally more curious and instructive than the discourses. Like most men of great practical capacity, Bernard was an indefatigable letter writer, corresponding with persons of every class and profession—now lecturing a Pope or a feudal chief, now comforting a brother monk, now discoursing on spiritual mysteries, now claiming restitution of stolen pigs entrusted to his keeping. The freedom of his criticism on pontifical and Roman abuses is unlimited. Rome itself and the Roman Court, in his eyes, overflowed with abuses; and he vigorously opposed the centralizing tendencies of the Papal power. In those days, what men thought they said. Bernard only shared the plain speaking of his time when he uttered truths concerning influential ecclesiastics from which the servility of the Catholicism of to-day would shrink with dread. The book altogether reads like a romance, and the career of the extraordinary man who is its central figure would be as literally impossible in the world of to-day as that of any of Alexandre Dumas' heroes in the world of fact. In the beginning of the twelfth century, no mind but that of a Bernard could have attained the more than royal power which he achieved; and only in the twelfth century would Bernard have thus ruled among men. It required just that special phase in the transition period to bring his peculiar character and gifts into play. Had the Royal or the Papal powers been more fully developed—had the budding scholasticism attained that fulness of growth which it reached in the course of another hundred years—had the moral corruptions of the times assumed their later more systematic forms, Bernard would never have become the most powerful man in Europe. It would have been too late to bear down, as he did, all opposition by the sheer force of personal character. Neither his burning rhetoric, nor his letters, as full of force and pungency as they were innumerable, nor his rigorous puritanical morals, nor his reputation as a great monastic reformer, nor (what can hardly be doubted) his deep personal humility, would have sufficed to make him lord of kings and popes, abbots and bishops, heretics and philosophers. As it was, his many-sidedness told with irresistible force, whatever he attempted. In fact, he never failed. From the day when, still a youth, he bore off nearly his whole family to join him in the extreme rigour of monasticism, to the hour when he closed his eyes in peace, surrounded by his beloved monks, men of every class and nation acknowledged his victorious supremacy. Abelard, unconquered by all, bent before him. An anti-Pope's adherents melted away before his private reproofs. Cluny, the most powerful of abbeys, save perhaps one, competed with him only to learn its weakness. With a few sermons he stirred up a second crusade. And, more wonderful still, he stayed one of the most bloody persecutions of the miserable Jews which have ever dishonoured the name of Christianity.

Mr. Morison considers that with all this unparalleled power, and with all his indomitable strength of will and utter fearlessness,

the estimate in which Bernard's friends held him as a man of profound humility was just. That he must have been in possession of some rare charm, which created around him an atmosphere of love, notwithstanding his impetuosity, his power, and his popularity, can hardly be doubted. Those who exercise a supremacy like that of Bernard are not loved for their vigour, or their genius, or their success. That his vehemence occasionally led him to a very questionable partisanship cannot be denied. Mr. Morison, indeed, with a pardonable mildness, can barely see infirmity or selfwill in his proceedings respecting the appointment to a certain French bishopric. The unbiased reader, on the contrary, will discern in it the passionate, unthinking haste with which men of Bernard's temperament are apt to embrace and carry through a partial view of any question of practical moment. But nothing less than a rare modesty and self-forgetfulness can make such men the object of untiring tenderness and affection. In Bernard's case, this low estimate of his own gifts was made the more attractive by the warmth of his heart and the constancy of his love for his friends. Nothing is more striking in his whole career than this affectionate and cordial disposition. The story of the death of his brother and fellow-monk, Gerard, together with the sermon in which he poured forth all the fulness of his grief, is a pregnant illustration of the energies of mediæval life, as contrasted with our later, more formal, and more self-conscious times. Suggestive indeed is its contrast with the frigid self-inspection and self-destruction of modern monachism, which assumes that the annihilation of all human love is the only method for establishing Divine love in an undisputed supremacy. How wide, too, must be the gulf that separates an age which accepts the *In Memoriam* as a fit outpouring of sorrowing love, from that in which Bernard's funeral sermon on Gerard was accounted honest, natural, and full of reality!

We must find space for a portion of his letter to his friend the Abbot Suger, who was just seized with his last illness. To appreciate its touching beauty, we must not forget that it is the work of an ascetic monk more than sixty years old—the outpouring of what Mr. Morison calls "the marvellous brain which had grasped and influenced more or less every question and event in Europe for a whole generation":—

That peace (writes Bernard) awaits you which passes all understanding. Much, indeed, dearest friend, do I desire to see you before you depart, that the blessing of a dying man may rest on me. I dare not promise that I will come, but I will do my best to visit you. I have loved you from the beginning, and will do so for ever. I say it boldly, I cannot be separated for eternity from one I have so loved. He does not perish from me, he goes before me. Only be mindful of me when you have arrived at that place whither you are gone before, that it may be granted me to follow you swiftly, and to be with you again. Never think that your sweet memory can fade from my mind, although, alas! your presence is withdrawn from me. Yet is God able to grant you to our prayers, and preserve you to our necessities, and of this we need not entirely despair.

Mr. Morison's general estimate of Bernard, as a great Christian leader and representative of his age, is, we think, sound, and not in any degree extreme. He has seized the real significance of the phenomena of Middle Age Christianity and social life, and it is in this that the special merit of his book, with all its other attractions, undoubtedly lies. Himself a man of to-day, a philosophic thinker as well as a lover of the past, he possesses an unaffected sympathy with the highest spiritual aims of other ages, which is distinct from that shallow patronizing of great men which is as offensive as it is unreal. After pointing out the characteristic of our present life, viz. its struggle to conquer and guide the laws of physical nature, Mr. Morison proceeds:—

This "conquest of nature," this "practical life," are modern, and the middle ages had no suspicion of them. Dominion over nature, except it was miraculous, was not dreamed of then. There was, indeed, much more urgent work to do, viz. acquiring dominion over man. It must be remembered that, although these men were called Christians, their remove from the savage was of the shortest. Work was not their pleasure, but their detestation. Not to make, but to destroy, was their delight. Not self-control nor humanity were their characteristics, but ferocity, lawlessness, and revenge. To tame these fierce natures was a long and difficult task, and no little debt of gratitude is owing to those who did it, whatever were the means they found it necessary to employ. Even in those times men were born "who were a law unto themselves"—men in whom the carnivorous instinct did not predominate; and these men gradually transferred the law and harmony they found in their own minds and hearts into the confused world around them. First of all, they renounced the world, as they said; they drew a sharp line of demarcation between themselves and the outer darkness; they lived apart—that is, they lived in monasteries; they saw men's passions consuming them like the flames of hell; they extinguished in themselves the simplest instincts of human nature; excess begetting excess, according to the law of reaction. Asceticism is not needed nor appreciated now, because daily life offers no revolting wickedness to recoil from. In the twelfth century, it was the only kind of protest which told with sufficient force. The era for work, as now understood, had not yet come. In the higher, or perhaps highest sense, the work done by the Bernards, the Brunos, and the Norberts was as important as the world has seen.

Equally good are Mr. Morison's remarks on the mediæval belief in miracles:—

To disbelieve such phenomena would have been considered *primâ facie* evidence of unsoundness of mind. The critical powers then were never for a moment exerted on an alleged case of miracle. If the matter could, by any interpretation, be brought into some kind of connexion with heaven or hell, with moral good or evil, it was assumed to be *natural*, not *unnatural*, that miracles should occur. The modern definition of a miracle, viz. a violation of the laws of nature, would have by no means commanded Bernard's assent. He would have said, "What are your laws of nature? I know them not. Miracle is the law of God." No expression of disgust is required now with reference to such a stage of human belief. The great majority of mankind have ever held opinions similar to or identical with the above. The exception is to hold the reverse, and to substitute for miracle a reliance on

law. . . . The minds of men of the twelfth century were in some sort the reverse of ours. What we think or well know to be possible and feasible, men of the middle ages would have regarded as the idlest dreaming. What we know to be simply nonsense, they look on as a matter of indisputable truth.

The difference between our views on the subject of natural and supernatural law is undoubtedly, as Mr. Morison here suggests, the root of the ever-increasing variance between the theological life of older and of modern days. When educated persons now believe, or think they believe, in a miraculous story, their faith is a cold, half-hearted, timid assent, which the mediæval mind would have scorned as no better than ignorant unbelief. The belief in law, as such, has penetrated so deeply to the very foundations of modern thought, that neither monk, nor nun, nor honest believer in spirit-rapping and clairvoyance, can escape a tormenting doubt as to the validity of the evidence on which the reputed marvels rest. The burden of proof in the middle ages was held to rest with those who doubted. We hold that it rests with those who assert the supernatural. Even the most credulous feel constrained to resort to evidence, and that very resort betrays their distance from the mediæval point of view.

The present force of the middle age asceticism is, we think, underrated by Mr. Morison. No doubt, the tendencies of our modes of thought are directly against it, and by the great bulk of Protestant Christians it is distinctly rejected, while on Christendom generally its hold is yearly growing more feeble. But it is so intimately connected with one special view of the moral aspect of this world and of human nature, as a thing essentially good or evil, that it possesses a vitality as yet far from extinct. The "evangelical" and puritanical views as to what is "worldly" and what is pious are based on the same principle as that which filled the monasteries in Bernard's days, and which still leads thousands to an honest imitation of Bernard's practices. Here in England, and all through the Latin and Greek Churches, are establishments whose fundamental principle is the mortification of the flesh, as something vile, bad, and base. The celibacy of the Roman clergy is still maintained, not merely as a matter of clerical policy, but from the same semi-Manichean ideas which are cherished by the Protestant "religious world" as the very foundation of Christianity. Nevertheless, monasticism, like the belief in mediæval miracles, is an anachronism. It is the result of traditions of the past, not actually dead, but only waiting for the touch of enthusiastic zeal to be quickened into practical activity. It is not the spontaneous growth of the religious and philosophic ideas of the time. It is a revival, and, like all revivals, is half unreal, and never becomes a power among men. It is quite true that we may witness the identical life of Bernard with all its details, still existing, and producing fruits which only an ignorant bigotry would decry; but those who know modern monasticism best tell us that its vitality is little better than a galvanized energy, and shows no signs that it will ever regain its lost position.

Modern life, too, is essentially a life of individualism. While all European nations, and all classes in each nation, are growing more and more alike in dress, manners and habits, we nevertheless think more and more as single, solitary beings. The rights of each man, as a man, and as against all his fellows, are slowly but surely rising to a universal recognition. No single minds, however towering and universal, can lead the thoughts of enthusiastic multitudes. All thought and all action are being gradually referred back to the individual experience, the individual conscience, and the individual reasoning. Democratic and Imperial despotisms maintain an unceasing struggle against the advancing tide on the continent of Europe and in America, but the wave advances nevertheless. In England, the belief in the superiority of spontaneous voluntary co-operation, founded on identity of aim and unity of principle, as the most efficacious instrument of social action, silently but strikingly gains more and more acceptance. In the midst of such convictions the forced organization of monasticism has no place. We revolt against the theory that annihilates the man for the sake of the corporate body. Accordingly, monasticism is everywhere, except on a small scale, a failure, alike in Roman Catholic and in Protestant countries. Its only success is in France, where it derives its vitality from its adaptation, in one respect, to the aims and feelings of the day. The French Sisters of Charity are the only monastic body which is now a power in the world. And this, because their life is essentially practical, and their organization is enforced, not for the sake of working upon men's minds, but for healing the miseries of daily human life. The monasticism of Bernard, of Dominic, and of Francis, is gone for ever.

EARL STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.*

THIS volume answers to its name, for it comprehends a variety of productions ranging from despatches on the deepest affairs of State to a valentine, by a variety of authors ranging from the Pretender to Lord Macaulay. It gives us a very pleasant hour's ramble among memorable names, and the reminiscences of memorable times. First we come upon a batch of letters of Pitt to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Westmoreland, and Lord Harrowby, full of the august cares of state, and of jobbery almost equally august. One is to Pitt's intended second before his duel. From another it appears that the daring order to seize the Spanish treasure ships in 1798, which led to the war with Spain, was entirely the bold Minister's own act. In one Pitt

writes under the flattering conviction derived through Hamburg from Berlin, and "corroborated by reports from various quarters," that the battle of Austerlitz "terminated in great success on the part of Austria." There is one "most private" on the Irish Propositions, which the Duke of Rutland is desired to destroy when he has read and considered it. The Duke was *splendide mendax*, or at least *splendide perfidus*, in the interest of posterity.

From the letters of Pitt we come to the reminiscences of his private secretaries. One of these, Mr. D. W. Adams, the last surviving man who had been in daily personal intercourse with Pitt, died in June 1862, severing the last link of familiar connexion between his master and our times. Mr. Adams bears strong witness to Pitt's kindness and winning ways to those about him. He gives a minute account of the deathbed, evidently derived immediately from those who were present, from which it plainly appears that for some time before the end all was delirium and incoherence, and that any conscious ejaculation about "my country" or anything else was out of the question. Christmas, a Clerk in the Treasury, told Mr. Adams an anecdote which shows Pitt's extraordinary powers of work, and, at the same time, the reckless way in which he drew on the powers of his constitution:—

Mr. Pitt had been immersed all day with Christmas in intricate accounts (I assume, preparing for a conflict of a War Budget), when, looking at the hour, he said, "I must now go to the House, but shall return as early as I can, although I fear we shall have a late sitting." It proved so, as he did not rejoin his private secretary until six in the morning. He had something kind to say to Christmas for keeping at his work, adding, "I must now have a wash," and, going to the end of the room, threw off his coat and neckcloth, and applied a wet towel to his head and face. When this improvised ablution was over, he declared to his *fidus Achates* that he was quite fresh and ready for business, and for four hours he was hard at work, in going through the accounts Mr. Christmas had prepared during the night.

Then follow two letters of Burke, on his party connexions and his public services, full of the lofty egotism of the writer. One of them contains his only allusion (so far as Lord Stanhope is aware) to his exclusion from the Cabinet. "You have been misinformed, I make no part of the Ministerial arrangement. Something in the official line may possibly be thought fit for my measure. But what exactly it is, I do not yet know."

Rambling on through the collection, we pass by Windham on "Martello Towers," corrected by the erudition of Sir G. C. Lewis, to Sir John Moore in Spain:—

I am within four marches of the French with only a third of my force; and as the Spaniards have been dispersed in all quarters, my junction with the other two-thirds is very precarious; and when we all join we shall be very inferior to the enemy. The Spanish Government is weak and imbecile; their armies have at no time been numerous, and the country is not armed, nor, as far as I can judge, enthusiastic. We have been completely deceived by the contemptible fellows chosen as correspondents to the armies; and now the discovery comes a little too late.

Then follows Sir Charles Vaughan, adhering to his own, against Napier's, version of the siege of Zaragoza; and then Lord Bathurst, with a "beautiful and touching" letter to the bravely struggling Tyrolese. Afterwards, we have Sir Robert Peel, with a letter to Lord Harrowby (which is a curious historical document), recommending the Peers, wavering under the menace of a swamping creation, to stand firm, and vote against the second reading of the Reform Bill. Of course there is a Latin quotation:—

Ne non procumbat honesto
Respicit; hæc etiam cura cadentis erant.

To this letter succeeds an excellent paper from the same hand on Sir Robert Walpole. This paper is the more interesting because Peel, though he was too sensible and modest a man to look purposely in the glass, could scarcely help seeing in the portrait of the great economical Minister of the last century something of a reflection of himself:—

There must surely have been something very extraordinary in the character and powers of that man who, being the son of a private gentleman, without any advantage from a distinguished name, or services of illustrious ancestors, was Prime Minister of England amid great public difficulties for a period of twenty years—who mainly by his personal exertions contributed to establish and confirm without severity, without bloodshed, a new and unpopular dynasty—who tolerated no competitor for power—was emphatically the Minister of England—and who seems to have rebuked the genius of every adversary; having had for his adversaries men of the greatest talents and of the highest attainments.

Of what public man can it be said with any assurance of certainty, that, placed in the situation of Walpole, he would in the course of an administration of twenty years have committed so few errors, and would have left at the close of it the House of Hanover in equal security, and the finances in equal order?—that he would have secured to England more of the blessings of peace, or would have defeated the machinations of internal enemies with less of vindictive severity, or fewer encroachments on the liberty of the subject?

There was more than one English statesman of whom something like this might have been said even in 1833, when the paper was written, much more at a later period. The following remark is one of many which show how large and liberal Peel's mind was, when it was allowed to take its own course:—

In my opinion men, and the conduct of men, are much more the creatures of circumstances than they generally appear in history. Infamous as Robespierre and Marat unquestionably are, it would be no easy matter to assign to each their due share of infamy without a very dispassionate inquiry into many minute events which contributed to shape their course, and into the degrees of conflicting dangers between which they had to choose.

From Peel on Walpole we pass to Wellington on Marlborough:—"I quite agree that the Duke of Marlborough is the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a British army." The comparative difficulties with which the two Generals had to contend,

* *Miscellanies*. Collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. London: John Murray. 1863.

and on their triumph over which the comparative claims to the first place among English Generals rest, are discussed by Wellington with that straightforward simplicity which is the true modesty of a great man speaking of himself. In another memorandum on the Moscow retreat, the Duke records his opinion that "the Russians nearly lost themselves by an ill-applied imitation of our operations which saved Portugal; and they would have been lost if Napoleon had not always, and particularly at that time, found himself under the necessity of seeking to fight a general battle." "That which the Russians did well was their dogged refusal to treat." The Duke thinks that the ruin of the French army would have been more complete if the season had been wet instead of frosty.

Prince Charles Stuart, having failed to overthrow the House of Hanover with his sword, was not likely to do it with his verses:—

To my poor country
[My] testament will be:
Do all what you can,
[You'll] be Republican!

We pass by a playful enigma from the awful pen of Chatham—as well as discussions on the origin of the fable about Charles V. and his clocks, and on the antiquity of the red coats of English soldiers, settled by the omnivorous reading, and the miraculous memory of Macaulay—and come to a controversy in which Peel and Macaulay play the most prominent parts on the question, "Were Human Sacrifices in use among the Romans?" Lord Mahon had mentioned to Macaulay a note in Gieseler's *History of the Church*, stating, on the authority of a passage in Lactantius, that human sacrifices existed in the classic days of Rome. Macaulay denied it. Lord Mahon sent him the passage from Lactantius. Whereupon Macaulay writes the following letter:—

Albany, December 15, 1847.

DEAR LORD MAHON,

I know nothing of Gieseler but the passage which you have sent me, and, if I were to form my judgment of him from that passage, I must pronounce him a dunce, or something worse.

In the first place, he misquotes Lactantius. He makes Lactantius say positively, "Jupiter Latiaris is even now propitiated with human blood." But Lactantius's words are these: "Ne Latini quidem hujus immanitatis expertes fuerunt, siquidem Jupiter Latiaris etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano." I should translate the sentence thus: "Nor have even the Latins been free from this enormity, if it be true that even now Jupiter Latiaris is propitiated with human blood." It is quite plain to me that Lactantius wished to insinuate what he dared not assert.

Suppose that there were discovered in the British Museum a Puritan pamphlet of 1641, containing the following passage: "Nor is even Lambeth free from the worst corruptions of Antichrist, if it be true that the Archbishop of Canterbury and his chaplains pray to an image of the Virgin;" and suppose that I were to quote the passage thus, "The Archbishop of Canterbury and his chaplains pray to an image of the Virgin"—what would you think of my sense or honesty?

But this is not all. Where did Gieseler find that these human sacrifices were annual, rather than triennial, quinquennial, or decennial? Where did he find that they were performed at Rome, and not at Tibur or Freneste? Where did he find that the victim was a man, and not a woman? Not in Lactantius, I am sure. Yet he quotes no other authority, and I firmly believe that he has none.

As to the rest, I should certainly never admit the fact on Lactantius's authority, even if he had asserted it in the most positive manner. He was a rhetorician at Nicomedia, writing a party pamphlet in a time of violent excitement. I should think it as absurd to give credit to an affirmation of his, in contradiction to the whole literature and history of antiquity, as to believe Mac-Hale when he tells the Irish that the English Government starved two millions of them last year. But, as I have said, Lactantius affirms nothing. He was evidently afraid to do so.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

This is Macaulay all over. He knows nothing of Gieseler. He has not even had his words before him, for Lord Mahon sent only the quotation from Lactantius. Yet he is ready to pronounce him at once "a dunce, or something worse." We need scarcely say that the charge of "misquotation" based on the *siquidem* is nonsense; and that the other objections are mainly mere cavils put in a very petulant way. The slapdash statement that Gieseler quotes no other authority than Lactantius happens to be quite untrue. Gieseler quotes Porphyry, who, if he was writing a "party pamphlet" at all, was writing it on the opposite side to Lactantius. Peel, being called in, shows sounder scholarship than Macaulay as well as sounder sense. The contrast between the characters of the two men is striking. "I deserve," says Peel in concluding a letter full of erudition, "no credit for my parade of learning. One book suggests reference to another, and commentators supply quotations to those who have patience to read them." A lesson of honesty and modesty taught in a small matter, but by a great man! On having the quotation from Porphyry laid before him, Macaulay says:—

I return the extract from Porphyry. It is very strong. But I am not convinced. I have spent half an hour in looking into my books, and I feel quite satisfied that there is no foundation for the Eastern story about the Italian worship.

And so he felt "quite satisfied" about everything. He felt "quite satisfied," in spite of overwhelming proof of his error, that his monstrous charges against William Penn were perfectly true. He would have felt "quite satisfied" that the "oak groves" under which, in his History, he describes the Fellows of Magdalen as walking, were oak groves, on whatever authority he might have been assured that the trees were remarkably fine elms. If the President and all the Fellows of the College had come in person to testify that the trees under which they spent their lives were elms and not oaks, he would only have said that, to judge by that specimen of their knowledge and veracity, they must be "dunces, or something worse."

To soothe his shade, however, after this criticism, we will give some beautiful lines from his valentine to a child, the daughter of Lord Stanhope:—

Good morrow, gentle Child! and then
Again good morrow, and again,
Good morrow following still good morrow,
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
And when the God to whom we pay
In jest our homages to-day
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
Benignant may his aspect be,
His yoke the truest liberty:
And if a tear his power confess,
Be it a tear of happiness.
It shall be so. The Muse displays
The future to her votary's gaze;
Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
I taste the cake—I hear the bells!
From Conduit Street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see, with outstretched hand,
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
And half unbend his brow of pride,
As welcoming so fair a bride.
Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
Brighten St. George's portico:
Within I see the chancel's pale,
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
The page on which those fingers white,
Still trembling from the awful rite,
For the last time shall faintly trace
The name of Stanhope's noble race.
I see kind faces round thee pressing,
I hear kind voices whisper blessing;
And with those voices mingles mine—
All good attend my Valentine!

And now we have only to thank Lord Stanhope for opening to us the cabinet of Chevening. Some of its contents are true gems.

WATERLOO.*

ALTHOUGH the generation in whose time the battle of Waterloo was fought has nearly passed away, there seems to be no diminution of interest in the details of that eventful campaign. In other battles much larger numbers have been engaged, and with much greater slaughter, but Waterloo was preeminently a decisive battle. It dispelled the dream of French supremacy, and it signally avenged the wrongs and the insults of twenty years of relentless tyranny on the continent of Europe. There is, moreover, a peculiarly dramatic interest attached to the final struggle of the Great War. It was the catastrophe of the Napoleonic drama, when fortune deserted her spoiled child and left him to receive the punishment due for outraging justice and humanity. Besides this, it was the last passage of arms between two warlike nations whose rivalry in the field had been perpetuated through many centuries; and the chiefs were worthy of the great armies which they commanded. The English army alone, of the combatants in the Great War, had never been signally defeated by Napoleon or his lieutenants during nearly a quarter of a century passed in perpetual conflict. Though mistakes had been made, and disastrous expeditions had been repeatedly sent forth to accomplish impossible objects, yet the English infantry had always held its own whenever it was opposed to the Imperial armies. In the campaign of 1815 they were commanded by a general who had never been defeated, and in whom they reposed boundless confidence. On the other side, Napoleon led into the field an army composed of veteran soldiers, who had shown their prowess in many a well-fought action, and who absolutely worshipped their chief. The magnificent force arrayed under his standards was composed of the *élite* of the French armies. The English in the Peninsular campaigns had never had to deal with such picked troops, for Napoleon had ever undervalued his opponents, and had set against them often his best generals, but never his best regiments. The English army at the conclusion of the peace had been broken up, and the forces which the Duke had under his orders in Belgium were greatly inferior in quality and organization to the well-trained troops that had driven the French out of the Spanish peninsula. All these circumstances added to or diminished the chances of success on either side, and heightened the interest, if that were possible where so great an issue was involved. When we refer to the contemporary literature of that period, we see at a glance the intensity of the feeling with which the final conflict was regarded. It was the last struggle of the Napoleonism of that age, and the last effort to recover the supremacy which had been lost in the snows of Russia and the bloody campaign of Leipsic. If the result of the struggle was a just subject of pride to the nation which had for so many years, and often single-handed, contended with all the forces which Napoleon had been able to control and direct in the height of his power, it was no less humiliating to the military pride of the French army and the ambition of the French nation. When Napoleon crossed the frontier, his army believed that the time had arrived when they would regain their lost laurels and be able to reestablish the military ascendancy of France. When that hope was finally and utterly extinguished, there was created among Frenchmen of every class a bitterness of feeling which has perhaps not yet altogether subsided. Their defeat was

* *Waterloo; The Downfall of the First Napoleon.* By George Hooper. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

ascribed to fortune or to treachery, for it seemed impossible to them that victory should abandon its favourite eagles. From the exultation naturally felt on the side of the victors, and the exasperation on the side of the vanquished, there followed endless controversies on the incidents of the campaign and the merits or faults of the two great commanders. No battle has ever been discussed so much, and with such minute investigation of every incident that occurred. Even at this time there have appeared three new histories of the campaign. M. Thiers, in his last volume, has given what we must presume is the version accepted in France. M. Victor Hugo, in *Les Misérables*, has poured forth a rhapsody, or dithyramb, or whatever, under a classical name, expresses exaggerated and inflated nonsense. The third is by an Englishman, Mr. Hooper, who, though no doubt writing from an English point of view, has endeavoured to give a clear and succinct narrative of the events of the Hundred Days.

Scientific accounts of that campaign have been already given by the laborious Captain Siborne and by Colonel Charras. And after making every allowance for national feeling, it must be admitted that the purely military writers have done their work with great fairness. To the general reader the superabundance of technical details is no doubt somewhat wearisome, but it may be conceded that military historians, for the most part, have too much feeling for their profession as an art to be carried away by personal prejudice or national hostility. Thus, for instance, there never was a fairer statement than that contained in Napier's *Peninsular War*, though Coleridge declared that such technical criticism was profoundly immoral. But though very valuable for the professional reader, and of inestimable importance to the historian, the carefully elaborated work of the military writer is for the general reader not history, but the material of which history is composed. It is, however, very difficult, when there is a copious store of materials at hand, to preserve enough of detail to present a clear and intelligible picture of a great battle, and, at the same time, to avoid falling into tedious minuteness. It seems to us that Mr. Hooper has, with great felicity, avoided these difficulties, and has succeeded in producing the most intelligible and the most readable history of the Waterloo campaign. The language is well chosen, the style is admirable, there is a complete absence of affectation, and a very sparing use of technical terms. Though his sympathies for his own countrymen are very strong, they do not lead him to undervalue the great military qualities of their opponents. He seems to have done his best to sum up the incidents and the result of the campaign with judicial impartiality, to have employed great industry in the examination of his materials and his authorities, and to have weighed with great care the importance of the former, and the value of the latter. He has one other merit which must not be forgotten. The narrative of the events that took place from the day that Napoleon crossed the Belgian frontier till Grouchy's retreat into France, is contained in no more than two hundred octavo pages, and at the same time every movement is carefully explained, and a full account given of each of the actions.

It is of course impossible for us to attempt here an analysis of a book which itself is a condensed account of a series of important events. We must be satisfied to present to the reader Mr. Hooper's judgment on some of the most disputed questions arising out of the campaign. The first of these in order and in historical importance is, whether Napoleon could have put under arms a larger force than he actually brought into the field. It has been asserted that the influence of his name, and his indisputable power of organization, should have enabled him to do far more than add fifty thousand men to his available troops. On the other side, to which Mr. Hooper as we think rightly inclines, the political condition of France scarcely permitted him to do more than he actually performed. The country and the population were exhausted. He was endeavouring to cause it to be believed that he meant henceforward to govern constitutionally. The time was gone by when he could by decree summon to his standard all the male population of a fighting age. Yet he did succeed in bringing into the field a numerous and well-appointed army, with a brilliant cavalry force and six hundred guns. It may well be asked whether more could have been done, for Napoleon had no support except in the army, and could only hope by one or two brilliant victories to rekindle in the country the enthusiasm which had been completely quenched by disaster and suffering. He had to regain the feeling of France before he could compel extraordinary sacrifices.

The next question is one which involves the military reputation of the Great Duke. He has been exposed to much censure for his inaction on the 14th and 15th of June. It was believed that the French were advancing after a concentration of their forces, which had been completed with an accuracy, a rapidity, and secrecy, which reflected the highest credit on the French commanders. In the language of Colonel Charras the Duke was guilty of "procrastination." But the fact seems to be that his Grace, having given orders for the assembly of each division, did as much as he was justified in doing upon the information which he then had. At that time he did not know the direction of the French advance, and could not be aware that Blücher had the whole French army on his hands. He knew no more than that Thüin had been attacked, that Charleroi appeared to be menaced, that Frenchmen had been seen near or at Binche. As soon as intelligence reached him that Napoleon had crossed the Sambre, and had followed Ziethen to Fleurus, it became manifest that a formidable attack had been made on the right of the Prussians.

The Duke then moved the whole of his army on that evening and during the night, each division and portion separately. In some instances, no doubt, the orders arrived late, and the divisions were not set in motion as early as was intended. But it is certain that the greater part of the army received its orders at an early hour, for within twenty-four hours of the time when the Duke received decisive information he had collected over thirty thousand men at Quatre Bras. It seems to us that this is a fair account of what took place, notwithstanding the criticism of Colonel Charras. It is suggested by Mr. Hooper that the Colonel's views are biased by the knowledge which he had of the movements of Napoleon's army:—

The conduct of Wellington was dictated by the knowledge Wellington had of the movements of Napoleon; and we have seen that it was not till ten or eleven o'clock in the evening that full information reached the headquarters at Brussels. The degree to which the knowledge of the movements of Napoleon influenced Colonel Charras is shown in his violent assertion that Wellington should have transferred his headquarters to Braine le Comte or Nivelles on the morning of the 15th, that is, before he knew that the French army had made any movement in any direction whatever.

These considerations show that there is no accurate military criticism, except that which rests on a clear chronological conception of events; and no correct method of writing military history, except that which enables the writer to shut his eyes to the future, and to fix his whole attention resolutely and impartially on the present.

It may be an open question to this day whether Wellington's disposition of his army in cantonments was good or bad, but it can no longer be doubted that his movements on the 15th were sound and judicious, and such as were warranted by the information he received from time to time.

We may mention a third question, which has been no less warmly argued than the preceding one. How did it happen that D'Erlon arrived with his division close to the scene of the battle of Ligny, and then, after leaving a portion of his force on the right flank of the Prussians, marched back to Frasné with his remaining troops? At Ligny his presence would have been invaluable, at Quatre Bras he would have given the attacking force an immense numerical superiority over the army under Wellington. Amid the conflicting statements the exact truth never will be known. Mr. Hooper suggests as a conjectural explanation:—

We may presume the truth to be this. Napoleon, as is proved by every despatch to Ney, held Wellington too cheap. The French chief believed he had "surprised" the English general in his cantonments; he estimated that a march and a skirmish would give Ney possession of Quatre Bras; and finding the Prussians in his own front more numerous than he expected, Napoleon sent the formal orders through Soult for Ney to fall upon the Prussian right as soon as he had beaten Wellington. If it were to be admitted that Laurent or Labédoyère, who carried the first despatch, meeting or overtaking the 1st Corps *en route* to Frasné, took upon himself, as the best interpreter of Napoleon's intention, to direct it at once upon St. Arnaud, all the statements are reconciled. For on that supposition D'Erlon would have marched in obedience to what he believed to be a direct order from Napoleon. Hearing that the 1st Corps had arrived, although in a quarter where it was unlooked for, Napoleon would have inferred from its presence on the field that Ney had been successful without it, and would hastily conclude that D'Erlon would act forthwith on the Prussian right. Ney, having Soult's actual words, would be surprised at the conduct of the staff officer, and endeavour instantly to repair it by recalling the 1st Corps. D'Erlon, receiving no orders from the aide-de-camp sent by Napoleon to communicate with him on the field, would naturally obey the mandate of Ney, his immediate superior, retrace his steps, and hasten back to Frasné.

Napoleon, even in the opinion of Jomini, his admirer, is held to have committed a "manifest fault" in neglecting to send a positive order to D'Erlon—who by the happy error of an aide-de-camp had arrived so opportunely—to march at once upon Bry. But the primary error at the bottom of all was that earlier one committed by Napoleon, when he formed such a contemptuous estimate of the activity and resources of Wellington.

We have cited the above passages as examples of Mr. Hooper's judicious and careful criticism. The descriptions of the battles are very spirited, and are rendered intelligible by constant reference to the features of the country, and the distances to be traversed by the different corps. The least satisfactory part of the volume consists of the few pages at the end on the author's view of revived Napoleonism. It often happens that the moral is not the best part of a history or a drama, and in this instance we think it might have been omitted without disadvantage to the work, and without impairing its general value. But upon the whole, *Waterloo* may be justly regarded as a work honest in purpose and able in execution, and a most valuable contribution to English historical literature.

LETTERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE THIRD.*

WE have more than once had occasion to speak of Mr. Shirley as one of the best of the editors employed by the Master of the Rolls, and in the present volume he has improved on, rather than fallen short of, the standard set up in his *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*. His present subject is an incomparably better one; indeed, the whole range of English history could hardly supply one of greater interest and importance. Every contribution to our knowledge of that great age which was the turning-point in the history of England and Europe is indeed precious beyond measure. The later stages of Mr. Shirley's undertaking will lead him through that period which to an Englishman is the most attractive portion even of the thirteenth century—the career and fall of Earl Simon, and the opening of the career of King Edward. At the time when Mr. Shirley's present volume breaks off, Edward was still unborn, and Simon was not yet a person of any great account. We expect great things from the revelations which Mr. Shirley may make of

* *Royal and other Historical Letters Illustrative of the Reign of Henry III. From the Originals in the Public Record Office. Selected and Edited by the Rev. Walter Waddington Shirley, M.A. Vol. I. 1216-1235. London: Longman & Co. 1862.*

those more famous times; but the volume which he now gives us is one which has a peculiar value and novelty of its own. Of the long reign of Henry III., just like that of Henry VIII., we are apt to attend only to a few years at the end. As Mr. Shirley remarks in his preface—

There is perhaps no period of equal length from the Norman conquest to the present day, over which the reader of English history passes with more impatient haste than over the twenty years which elapsed between the accession and the marriage of Henry III.; none which appears so barren of great events, or so silent of the character of its actors.

To a drum and trumpet historian they were certainly an unkindly time, but there have been those among our modern writers to whom they would have repaid a closer study. They were years, not of exciting interest, but of critical importance; nor is it easy to say how much the destiny of this country has been affected by the current of political influences to which it was subjected during the first few years after the granting of Magna Charta. Yet such has been the general neglect which the history of these years has suffered, that the editing of these letters would hardly be complete without an explanatory notice of some of the events to which they refer.

Mr. Shirley chiefly follows up these remarks with a clear and vigorous summary of the history of the time with which he is dealing. But never did we more deeply regret the unhappy rule of the series which forbids the editor to discharge his natural function of a commentator. Detached letters of this kind need occasional short notes, even more than a chronicle does. The best-informed reader will not despise the help of a clear and terse explanation of allusions to times, places, and persons. Mr. Shirley is evidently of this way of thinking himself; under cover of fixing the dates of the letters, he has managed to smuggle in a good deal of the sort of information which is needed. But much more is needed than is given, and Mr. Shirley would doubtless have given us much more if his hands had not been tied by this silly restriction. The object of the rule is, doubtless, to hinder the possible loquacity of indiscreet editors. But the proper safeguard against that danger is to employ no editors who cannot be trusted. And as all editors, good and bad, seem to have full licence to be as long and as discursive as they please in their Prefaces, the result of the rule often comes to this—that matter which would be in its proper place at the bottom of this or that page is much less fittingly transferred to the General Introduction. With Mr. Shirley's Introduction we have to find only the rare fault that it is too short. His summary of the events and the actors of the first part of the reign of Henry III. is so clear and good that we could wish that it had been drawn out at greater length. But the English history of this great age has to be written afresh, and the documents which Mr. Shirley has here collected will form some of the most important of the materials for its composition. If we could believe that Mr. Shirley is girding himself for this greater work, we can forgive him his brevity on this lesser occasion. He has a better right than any one else to use the stores which he has himself collected. What his powers as a narrator may be, he has had no opportunity of showing, and we could fancy him likely to be stronger in comment than in direct narrative. But many passages in the present preface show how thoroughly he would bring to the task the first requisite of all—a real understanding of the time of which he writes.

The hero of Mr. Shirley's present volume is the great Justiciary Hubert of Burgh. He looks on him as the political ancestor of Simon of Montfort, whom he calls "the heir of his statesmanship, and more than the heir of his genius." Hubert's administration has drawn to itself less attention than it deserves, because we are apt to dwell, in Simon's career, almost exclusively on his one great act of calling up the Burgesses to Parliament. That act, it should never be forgotten, is recorded in no contemporary chronicle; we are left to infer it from the extant writs themselves. Now, while this fact sets Simon before us as a statesman beyond his contemporaries, it shows us also that what strikes us most in him was not what most struck his contemporaries. The calling up of the Burgesses was not done at random; the great Earl himself knew what he was doing, and he had men about him who knew also; but it was not the thing which most deeply impressed the popular mind. That it was not done without deliberation is shown by that most remarkable political poem in Mr. Wright's collection, which forms the fullest exposition of what the Americans—by a good old English word, by the way—would call the "platform" of Simon and his party. The whole question of popular government is discussed at length, and in the following lines it is impossible not to see an allusion to the introduction of a more popular element into Parliament:—

*Igitur communitas regni consularur,
Et quid universitas sentiat sciatur,
Cui leges proprie maxime sunt notae,
Nec cuncti provincie sic sint idiotae,
Quin sciant plus ceteris regni sui mores,
Quos relinquunt posteris hii qui sunt priores.*

765-70—Wright, p. 110.

The author of these verses was an unmistakable parliamentary reformer; still, even his notion of the duties of Parliament was rather to declare the old laws than to make new ones. To the general chroniclers the admission of a new element into the national assemblies seemed something far less striking than a battle, a quarrel, or a reconciliation of two great nobles, or anything which directly tended to the great object of every English heart, the deliverance of the realm from foreign intruders. Now, in this last object Hubert was the true forerunner of Simon. Let us again hear Mr. Shirley:—

To some, even of the most intelligent of modern writers, it has appeared that the one great fact which stands out above the weary alternation of paltry

intrigue and yet more paltry war, which occupies the long half-century of Henry's reign, is the establishment of our representative system. This is, however, a striking instance of the manner in which history is discoloured by the turn of subsequent events. The House of Commons has become all-important; the exclusion of aliens is a long-forgotten difficulty. But if we would really appreciate the bearings of our earliest constitutional struggles, we must return to the cotemporary point of view, and keep steadily in mind that the subject of them was, primarily, not legislative, but executive power; not the establishment of new laws, but the obtaining of guarantees for existing liberties. And the existing liberties both of Church and State were chiefly endangered by the same cause, namely, the encroachments of aliens.

Englishmen of that day had seen the Great Charter almost trampled out by foreign mercenaries; they had then witnessed the government of an Italian legate; soon they were to see De Burgh supplanted by a foreign rival, the country plundered by the foreign favourites of the court, and the castles which were to protect her from invasion entrusted to foreign governors. But no encroachment of aliens upon the privileges of the English laity was comparable in harshness or continuity of oppression to the ecclesiastical invasions of the Court of Rome. Taxed without mercy for objects in which she had no concern, deprived of her rights of patronage and election, compelled to a system of minute and vexatious appeal to a distant and venal tribunal, the Church of England led the way in the maintenance of those liberties in which she had the dearest interest. And although neither these abuses, nor the feelings they engendered, were yet at their full growth, the tendency was already so far marked, and the national privileges of the English Church were already so far threatened, as to lead her to a cordial support of the thoroughly national policy of De Burgh.

It is, indeed, the peculiar praise of De Burgh to have been the first of our statesmen to convert the emotion of nationality into a principle of political action. He first realized the importance to England of being the centre of her own policy, not the satellite of a continental system; and he perceived that, in her circumstances, the first condition of good government was the exclusion of aliens from power. To this principle, which was afterwards to prove so powerful in the hands of Montfort, he added, unlike Montfort, an inflexible loyalty to the crown. Throughout his long career, often under extreme trial and provocation, he firmly upheld the royal power, so necessary then, perhaps even now, to the formation of a vigorous and compact nationality.

This sentiment of nationality comes out strongly in one in whom we might perhaps have hardly expected to find it. William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, the natural son of Henry II., speaks out against strangers in a tone quite different from that of his legitimate kinsfolk. He is complaining to the justiciary Hubert of that turbulent Fawkes of Breauté, the mercenary soldier of John, whose misdeeds form such an important part of the early history of Henry's reign. Earl William complains on behalf of John the Marshal that the said Fawkes

*Vocavit ipsum Johannem, coram serviente suo quem ad eum miserat,
et omnes naturales homines Anglie proditores; dicens etiam quod nos omnes naturales homines Anglie guerram et desideramus et volumus, et quod ipse tantam guerram nobis inveniet quod tota Anglia satis stricta nobis erit.*

Mr. Shirley postpones the examination of "some questions connected with the rise of our representative system," till the preface to his second volume. Several things in the present volume struck us as bearing upon it. There is one remarkable letter from the Chamberlain, Geoffrey Neville, to Hubert and the King's Council, telling how the "ballivi" of the earls, barons, and other freeholders of Yorkshire, distinctly refuse a tallage (Letter CXXX.), on the ground that it had not been properly asked for. Now this is not parliamentary representation, this is not stopping the supplies, but it is something which might easily develop into both, and is clearly an emanation from the true parliamentary spirit.

A large portion of the present volume is taken up with letters relating to the affairs of Aquitaine. John, it will be remembered, had lost all his possessions in Northern France; but the great Southern Duchy was still retained. The relations between the King's English and continental dominions were thus completely reversed. Henry II. and Richard were Counts of Anjou, Dukes of Normandy, &c., who were also Kings of England. They are French princes, who drew their highest title from England, but to whom England was valuable mainly as supplying additional resources for French quarrels. England, in short, was an Angevin province. But now that the King's continental dominions are confined to their most distant and least French portion, the aspect of matters is quite changed. Instead of England being an Angevin province, Gascony is now an English province. It would almost be possible to write a history of Aquitaine during these years from the letters in Mr. Shirley's volume, and such a history would be no unimportant contribution to the general history of municipal freedom. Among the disputes between the nobles and the cities, between particular cities, and between parties in the same city, it is easy to see the germs of the feeling which came out much more strongly in later times—that of general inclination on the part of the cities to the English connexion, while among the nobles there was a strong tendency towards France. The cities would doubtless have been well pleased to obtain as complete an independence as those of Italy; but, failing this, they preferred the more distant and least troublesome master, who at once interfered less with their local government, and protected them better against their noble neighbours. As yet, all is anarchy in the Duchy; we only see the beginnings of both these tendencies. There is no subject on which it is more necessary completely to forget modern ideas. Bourdeaux was no more a French city because its Duke owed homage to the King of France than an Italian city was German because it recognised the external suzerainty of the Emperor. In the thirteenth century, Bourdeaux might as well aspire to freedom as Florence; and the nominal superiority of the King of England was no more necessarily inconsistent with such practical freedom than the nominal supremacy of Caesar. The Provençal cities, kindred in speech with those of

Aquitaine, were now hardly less free than those of Italy. Of course, there was this difference between the position of Aquitaine and the position of Provence. The King of France was a nominal overlord of Aquitaine, while Provence owed him no more allegiance than it owed to Prester John. But, practically and historically, the position of the two was the same; the Kings of Paris had never, as such, exercised any real authority in the Duchy; they had never had anything to do with it, except during the brief marriage of the Duchess Eleanor with Lewis VII. The letters from the cities are full of complaints against neighbouring barons. Here is one very remarkable one from the Mayor and Burgesses of Rochelle:—

Excellentie vestre dignum duximus intimandum, quod nos evitare non possumus, cum barones et magnates Pictaviæ nos requirant, quin ad vos literas nostras deprecatorias mittamus pro illis, nisi odium et indignationem eorum incurramus. Unde vobis supplicamus humiliter ac devote, ne precibus nostris pro aliis ad vos destinatis ulatenus acquiescat, nisi ad ea quæ vos et consilium vestrum vobis videbitis expedire.

Besides Aquitaine, there is also a good deal of matter about Wales, and something about Scotland. Nobody seems to doubt the vassalage of either, and the two are held to be on quite the same footing. The Welsh prince and the Scottish king were each married to sisters of Henry—Alexander to a legitimate and Llewelyn to an illegitimate Joan—and each treats his brother-in-law as his superior lord. In one case, where Llewelyn thinks his own rights are infringed by his suzerain, he puts himself on a perfect level with the Scot; he may give shelter to political refugees if he pleases. "Non enim minoris libertatis sum quam Rex Scotiæ, qui acceptat utlagatos de Angliâ, etiam impune." The tone of the letter is bold throughout, but it is the letter of a high-spirited vassal, not of an independent neighbour. There is a curious change in Llewelyn's title in the course of the volume. Up to 1228 he is "Princeps Norwalliæ," from 1230 he becomes, as in later times, "Princeps de Aberfrau et Dominus Snaudonie." But his wife, at some unknown date (letter ccciii.) ventures to call herself "Domina Walliæ." If Mr. Shirley had been allowed to give notes, we might have known the causes of these curious changes.

We are glad to see that the second volume of this collection is already in the press, and we shall look for its appearance with the greatest interest.

LE BRÉSIL TEL QU'IL EST.*

THE consignment of negroes from the late Pasha of Egypt to the Emperor of the French comes just in time to add pungency to the doubtless honest invectives which a Frenchman, in the book before us, launches against slavery and servile institutions in the New World. It purports to be the work, and to convey the experiences, of a French literary adventurer in South America. No doubt a Frenchman may have gone to Brazil, and settled, we will suppose, at Rio, and have brought home to Paris at the end of his sojourn the notes he had taken among the natives. Any *littérateur* of the *boulevards* might then take them in hand and put into Parisian shape whatever there was of Brazilian matter. It is, however, not our object to impugn the genuine character of the book, or to impute a *ruse* to those who supply these far-off facts, or what pass for such, to the polished and inquisitive Parisian. We take the book simply as we find it, spiced with epigram, larded with anecdote, but having little of the nourishment of fact. There is one class of writing which should not be left to literary men, and that is, the collecting and conveying information concerning imperfectly known countries. It may be the misfortune of the French public that such simple unsophisticated statements as men who see for themselves can give, will not suit the taste of readers, and that the semi-adulterative process of the literary gentleman must be applied to make it go down. It is probably part of the same difficulty which Frenchmen feel in overcoming their own civilization, and acclimatizing themselves to anything inferior, which has always stood in their way as colonizers, that they cannot relish unsauces facts from regions of imperfect social development. Where an Englishman would go up the country with a mule, a knapsack, and a rifle, and pick up his own observations at first hand, a Frenchman will saunter among the delusive substitutes for *cafés* and *billards* which a big sea-port offers. He will hug the coast whilst the Englishman will strike up into the interior. For the sea is to either his means to an end. To the Englishman it was his means of reaching a distant shore, and so, that reached, he turns his back upon it; to the Frenchman it is his means of getting back to France, and so he keeps his face to it. We doubt whether our author ever was out of varnished boots all the time of his out-door life in Brazil. Hence there are none of the free pulses of wild life which set our own beating to a fresh tune. The facts, anecdotes, characters, all small of the stove of society, and the reflections are infected by its fumes. Possibly a Frenchman, with his natural tendency to view himself as the social regenerator, feels that he would be out of place in the backwoods, *savanas*, *pampas*, and other semi-savage designations of unclaimed nature in her various aspects. He longs, not for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," but craves a "boundless contiguity" of bricks and mortar, the *grande place*, the *boulevard*, the *quai*, the *magasin*. But with such instincts and the necessary encinte of wall and pavement in which to indulge them, it is a little audacious to affect the title of *Le Brésil tel qu'il est*; as though the

country had been perambulated with the ardent observation of a pioneer. The book smells, in short, of the lamp, where we should like to sniff the open air.

The author himself seems conscious of the disadvantage at which the consummation of social finish places those who stand on the Parisian pinnacle of Europe. He observes:—

Les Anglais de Rio sont les mêmes que ceux de Londres et de Calcutta. Partout où ils s'établissent, ils apportent avec eux les mœurs régulières, les habitudes d'ordre, la dignité froide qui composent le caractère national. C'est le peuple anglais tout entier qui émigre, avec les individus qui vont vivre à l'étranger.

Peut-on dire autant de nous? La France est-elle réellement représentée par ces tas d'aventuriers, de débâchés, de faillis qui s'en étiennent pour aller chercher fortune dans les pays lointains? . . . Comment se résigner à abandonner la France, sans y être contraint par une dure nécessité? Dans quelle contrée trouverait-on les avantages que Dieu lui a prodigués? Que l'Allemand renonce aux froides régions qui l'ont vu naître; que l'Anglais quitte sans regret son ciel de plomb et ses villes brumeuses, pour courir aux Indes ou en Amérique! Ils obéissent, en agissant ainsi, à la loi naturelle qui force, sous peine de mort, les hommes et les plantes à se tourner du côté du soleil.

This would be all very well if Britons swarmed off to hot latitudes only; but the fact is, you may find a potato and a Scotchman all over the world, and in most parts of it an Englishman too. The Normans, we presume, thought England no such horrible place of exile, when they embarked to invade and "settle" it. But the fact is, the "Latin" race do not colonize in perpetuity. They may land armies and hold territories; they may possess cities, rear factories, and ship off crops; but there are no examples of their vitality, social and political, putting on the forms of new life, and organizing new peoples. Brazil, we take it, has a faint lacquer of effete civilization at its sea margin, but remains in the interior unassimilated, or has only by contact degraded those who seek it for a new home. The question of how agriculture can support itself now that the cessation of the slave trade has cut short the usual supply of labour, is one on which we might have expected some fulness of information; but, although our author alludes to it, he does really nothing towards suggesting a solution. His absorption in town life probably prevented any detailed facts bearing upon it from meeting his observation, and his attention was attracted of course to what fell under his own view. The only social question on which he is copious is the position of the negro, whether slave or free, in Brazil. Statistical details, indeed, he hardly ever affects on any question whatever. We catch a page in which a few paragraphs are studded with numbers; but on examination we find they merely refer to how much the captain of a Portuguese trader made by his run, which is set at the modest sum of 200 per cent. Now, a few pages of tables of trade, taxes, produce, number of acres which have come into or passed out of cultivation since a given epoch—say the abolition of the slave trade—estimates of herds of cattle in the wilder portions of the interior, tonnage of vessels chartered in Brazilian ports, proportion of slave to free population, of coloured to white, of native to purely European race—all these are points on which the most recently corrected accounts are always welcome; but, save a few scanty figures relating to the last item, he hardly seems to think them worthy of notice. A detached fact like that on p. 271, that there were 14,000 French persons at Rio in 1830, is valueless. The book, in short, has no backbone to it. The aim seems to be to illustrate some views of the social state by anecdotes, and to point the anecdotes with shrewd questions, reflections, and remarks, to which a forced emphasis is sometimes given in some such way as the following:—

Quelle est la conclusion à tirer de ce qui précède?

La conclusion, la voici.

We ought, however, to notice the generally large-minded and liberal tone in which the writer speaks of this country. He is commenting upon the efforts of the Brazilian Government in 1850 to make the abolition of the slave system a fact, in the course of which provision was made for the re-exportation of any newly-captured negroes; failing which, they were to be employed "sous la tutelle du Gouvernement," but in no case consigned to individual masters. Such a Government *dépôt* appears to have been formed as virtually became the home of an established servile system under Brazilian law; but—

Heureusement pour les Africains des Calabouço, un courageux défenseur surgit un beau matin, qui réclama en leur faveur auprès du Cabinet de Rio. Ce défenseur était le représentant d'une grande nation bien connue, trop connue au Brésil; mais il parlait cette fois au seul nom des droits sacrés de l'humanité; il faisait valoir hautement l'engagement formel pris par le Gouvernement. Il fallut compter avec lui.

Dans cette circonstance, l'Angleterre prenait décidément le beau rôle.

On another branch of this question the author appears to be imperfectly informed as to the state of international compacts bearing on the slave-trade between this country and Brazil in 1845. He seems utterly unaware of a treaty then existing by which both Governments agreed to regard that traffic as piracy. Doubtless his friends at Rio were not likely to tell him this; but one remarkable trial, at which it was our fortune to be present, arose in that very year from the fact that a gang of Brazilian slavers rose upon and murdered the prize-crew of a British man-of-war, who were taking a slave-ship into port at Sierra Leone. Before, however, they could make their escape, they were recaptured by the same vessel, or a consort of hers, and brought home, with the blood of an English officer and several seamen on their hands, to take their trial for murder. Perhaps, in no other navy of the world would a moment's scruple have been felt at stringing them all, caught thus "red-handed" in the fact, up at the yard-arm of the captor; but certainly we may say at no other country's

* *Le Brésil tel qu'il est*. By Charles Expilly. E. Jung-Treuttel. Paris et Leipzig: 1862.

tribunals would they, after conviction, and sentence pronounced, have been respited till the whole array of legal questions stirred up on their behalf had been solemnly weighed, and have ultimately received a free pardon, owing to a defect in the law, for which the Brazilian Government was solely responsible, if not to an evasion of that Government's duties. It appeared that the treaty had been ratified between the Imperial powers, and *quâ* international right, there was no question whatever; but that the Brazilian Emperor had neglected to enact, as part of the municipal law of Brazil, that the slave-traffic should thenceforth be deemed piratical; the fact probably being, as M. Expilly helps to show (p. 315), that he dared not so act, and that the treaty was signed with a clear foresight on his side of that difficulty. The Brazilian Government was, inevitably perhaps, faithless to its engagements, and sustained some, no doubt, of the evil consequences of bad faith. But if British cruisers did for themselves what the Brazilians would not do for them, they did not land an army to mediate between the Emperor and his people, nor settle the *meum* and *tuum* of internal questions by a judicious intermixture of the ballot with the bullet, according to the most advanced theories cherished by "the Latin race."

The author has omitted one aspect of French civilization in Brazil, to which we beg to recall his attention. It is the ruin of the native morals by the licentious fictions of the French school. Girls leave their academies at fourteen, and come home with a knowledge that books exist, and a determination to be amused. The mother is of course to blame if the works of Eugène Sue, Balzac, and other pernicious stimulants find their way into her daughter's mind. So we are afraid it is; and it needs no profound philosophy to conjecture the sequel. The author admits indeed, generally, on p. 271, that European civilization has demoralized the people; but he seems to ignore this fruitful source of the corruption against which he inveighs.

TALES AT THE OUTSPAN.*

THE plan of this book is very simple and familiar. It consists of a number of tales which are supposed to be told round a camp fire of hunters in Southern Africa. Nearly all the tales belong to hunting-life. Some of them are probably new, and all are moderately interesting. The book is embellished with a few spirited sketches of encounters with lions, elephants, and the other great game of the country. It was published some weeks ago without any special view to the Christmas season, but we cannot help thinking that it would be a very nice book to give to a nephew or godson, because it is nearly certain that the youthful reader would come to an immediate and unalterable determination to visit Southern Africa as soon as ever he should be master of his own movements.

An "outspan" is the usual name for the night's halting-place of the waggons in which the hunters carry their stores, and around which themselves and their horses sup and sleep. The hunters start at daybreak and range over thirty or forty miles of country, rejoining at nightfall the camp, which may, in the meanwhile, have travelled twelve or fifteen miles in a named direction. These hunters are mostly Dutch Boers—that is, they belong to that hardy independent race which dwells midway between the regular colonists and the savages, and subsists by grazing, hunting, and the tillage of a small portion of land. A house of the simplest description built near a good supply of water, a stock of horses and cattle, a good wagon, gun, and ammunition, form the sum-total of a Dutchman's idea of plenty. Such a picture is not unattractive, but it should not be forgotten that one feature of the simple pastoral life here exhibited necessarily is chronic enmity with the aboriginal inhabitants, and the usual white settlers' estimate of the value of the rights and lives of coloured races. But even supposing that it might not be desirable to live with the Dutch Boers and as they live, it must, at least, be very pleasant to join them as Englishmen sometimes do upon a hunting party—to ride or walk under their skilful guidance after game by day, and to listen to the stories of their hunting adventures in the outspan at night.

The first story in this collection is supposed to be told by a Boer, who is called upon to explain what he means by speaking of the hyæna as a friend. He relates how, in running heedlessly after a wounded rietbok, he fell into a pit with nearly precipitous sides, and several yards deep. In the fall he sprained his ankle badly, and as he sat rubbing his foot and looking around him, he gradually became aware that the place he was in would be a very awkward one to escape from. "The sides on the lower parts of the hill were smooth, hard, and slippery from being wet, whilst the upper part consisted of small stones mixed with a kind of gravelly soil, and the top so overhung that nothing but a fly could have walked up the side." His gun had not fallen into the pit with him, so he tried, by way of signal of distress, shouting until he was hoarse. Then he tried with a knife to make stepping-holes in the rocks, but he soon found that it would take days to make even half the holes requisite to reach the top of the pit. There was scarcely a chance of anybody coming near the place. Darkness approached while he was still pondering means of escape. Conscious that ideas cannot be forced upon the mind, and that, when exhausted, it is unlikely to act with freshness and vigour, he determined to lie down to sleep,

after drinking of the water which fortunately flowed through the pit. He slept some hours, and awoke with the notion that he had been dreaming of a damp cold prison. The supposed dream was reality. He stretched out his hand and touched a toad. At the pit's mouth were two hyænas yelling. These, after a time, were succeeded by a troop of screaming jackals. When day returned, he tried first to dig a passage for his body along the course of the water which flowed through the pit, and next to build a ledge of earth high enough to raise him above the smooth rocks which formed the lower walls of the pit. Thus the day went by, and again at nightfall he lay down, exhausted and hungry, to rest until there should be light to renew his almost hopeless labour. The two hyænas appeared to have told all their friends, for now a troop of these animals assembled and yelled and danced about in the most excited manner. In the height of their fury, one of them ventured too near the edge of the pit and fell headlong into it, beside the teller of the story. This immediate juxtaposition was relished by neither party. The man grasped his hunting-knife and drew into a corner of the pit. The hyæna began scratching vigorously at the point where the man had been digging. Instinct seemed to tell it that that was the direction of escape. After long and hard work by the animal all became quiet. Daylight showed that it had escaped. The man crawled through the passage it had made into another pit with sloping sides, and thus, after two nights of apparently hopeless living-burial, he returned safely to the upper world.

This story called forth another which was told by a man who had found himself shut up with a leopard. This animal had been devastating his henroost at night, and all attempts at tracing him by day had failed. The hunter had promised a gift of Indian corn to some Kaffirs who had aided in this unsuccessful chase. He entered his storehouse to procure it, and as he stooped to shovel the corn into a sack he heard a rustling noise behind him. Upon turning round, he saw, amidst a bundle of long grass, a head and two glittering eyes. A large leopard was within five yards of him. Unarmed, he was shut up in a small room with the very animal of which he had been in search. The leopard had been asleep, but was now awake; and he watched the hunter silently and savagely. The trapdoor of entrance was close to the leopard, and a motion towards it would provoke him to attack. The noise of breaking a window to escape would arouse him equally. But there was a beam above the hunter's head; and if he raised himself upon it, he would be more out of the leopard's way, and might make a hole to escape through the thatched roof. He slowly raised his arms above his head, keeping his eyes fixed on the animal, and then drew his body up to the beam. Then he tore a hole in the thatch, forced his head through it, and next his shoulders and arms, fearing as he did so to feel the leopard pulling at his legs. However, he got through, and was safe. Preparations were made to cage the leopard, but it also escaped through the thatch.

The next two stories in the book come from imaginary English officers. They may be good enough to tell at the outspan, where the hunters have their pipes and grog, and even sleep as a resource against tediousness; but we do not think they are good enough to put into a book of any kind, and to put them into a book of this kind is scarcely fair. It is true that the author gives no distinct pledge that his tales, supposed to be told in South Africa, shall be about South African things and people; but we are led to expect something different from reflections upon the uselessness of lawyers, and the wickedness of tradesmen who send in their bills twice over. In fact, this is mere book-making. The author stuffs in as much of this sort of padding as he thinks his South African tales will carry off, just as some dealers mix with their wines or spirits as much water as they think they will creditably bear. Nevertheless, the staple of the book is commendable. There is a story of a naturalist who made a laborious expedition after the unicorn, being determined, as he says, not to throw away a chance of immortality, and fearing that some rival naturalist might claim the discovery before him. An English hunter had reported at Natal that he had heard an old Kaffir sportsman say that he had seen a solitary animal very like a horse, and with only one horn. The naturalist and a friend immediately took ship for Natal. The miseries of the voyage were great, but all were endured patiently in the hope of making known to science an animal so long supposed fabulous. Arrived at Natal, they went up the country, and found the old Kaffir who had seen the unicorn. Conversation, imperfectly understood, was aided by the production of a drawing, which the Kaffir said was like what he had seen. The excitement of hope banished sleep. They felt tolerably certain that their paper on the unicorn, his habits and peculiarities, would cause them to be elected Fellows of the Royal Society, and they calculated on making a good thing by lecturing round the country on their return to England. Next day they started in pursuit. Arrived at a likely ridge of hills, the Kaffir crawled forward to look over it, and signalled that the unicorn was in sight. The two naturalists approached with the utmost caution, looked over the ridge, and saw a common wildebeest which had only one horn, the other having been broken off close to his skull, probably in fighting. The wildebeest is something like a horse, but has usually two horns. The mistake of these naturalists was not, we believe, made for the first time by them; and the merit of this story, therefore, lies not in novelty, but in style.

Another good story is that of a hunter who was made prisoner by a buffalo. He fired at a solitary old bull, which he only hit hard enough to provoke, and then remembered that he was on a

* *Tales at the Outspan; or, Adventures in the Wild Regions of Southern Africa. With Illustrations.* By Captain A. W. Drayson, Author of "Sporting Scenes in South Africa," &c. London: Saunders, Otley & Co. 1862.

plain, devoid of shelter. He dodged the bull's first charge. It shot fifty yards ahead, but turned, and came at him again. Once more he dodged, and the horns passed clear of him; but the bull's side struck, and knocked him down. "I knew," he says, "what would happen now." The bull would trample on him when he was down, and knock him over when he contrived to get up. But within a few yards there was an anthill, on the side of which an ant-bear had scratched a hole big enough to admit the legs and body of a man. Into this he poked his lower members far enough to escape being trampled or butted by the buffalo. There is a capital sketch of the hunter in this hole, with the fierce bull standing sentry over him. The position was safe, but far from pleasant even for a short time, and it was possible that the bull might wait a long time. Suddenly the hunter felt something, which might perhaps be a venomous reptile, biting his foot. There seemed to offer only the alternative of being bitten or gored to death. The hunter, in despair, yelled and shrieked, and happily the noise he made scared the buffalo, who shook himself and trotted off. On digging out the hole there was found in it a litter of young jackals, and it was one of these creatures, and not a venomous snake, that had bitten the hunter's foot.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.*

AS we turn over the portfolio of these exquisite photographic prints, which seem really to be in all respects equal to the original handiworks of the great master, it is impossible not to remember the prediction of a high authority that a hundred years hence all the sun-drawings in which our generation takes such delight will be either altogether effaced, or will have become indistinguishable blots and smears of a brownish monochrome. Whether this prophecy will be verified or not is as yet unknown. Many a collector of photographs looks wistfully at his treasures, and observes from time to time the indisputable paling and fading away of the earlier specimens of the art. It is possible that the better qualities of the "chemicals" which are now procurable may postpone or avert the catastrophe; but we confess that we are disposed to rest our best hopes for the future on Sir Henry James's newly-discovered zinc-photo-graphic process. By this admirable invention, the inimitable delicacy and fidelity of a sun-drawn picture are transferred to a metal plate or a surface of stone, from which again imperishable copies may be multiplied, almost without limit, by the ordinary printing-press. Meanwhile, however, until the new process is perfected, we must be grateful for this second *fasciculus* of photographic copies of the *Liber Studiorum* plates, and must not allow our fears for their permanency to interfere with the pleasure and profit which these reproductions afford to us. As we said in noticing the former series, the usefulness of these photographic copies to a student of art cannot possibly be exaggerated. No more valuable present to a landscape painter can be imagined than these reproductions of Turner's matchless master-pieces. They will guide, reform, and improve the taste of thousands of amateur artists, and will often implant a love of landscape-drawing where it never existed before.

We proceed to point out some of the special excellences of these photographs in the order in which they here appear. First of all, we have the "Coast of Yorkshire." It is the most poetical, and has the deepest tragic interest of them all. A terrific gale is bursting on the rocky shore of a bay, and a wrecked hull is tossing in the surf in the foreground. In the distance is a stern headland, scarcely distinguishable from the inky sky, with its outline obscured by the rain and the spray. A white lighthouse gleams fitfully on its summit; and the flashing wings of a flight of sea-gulls driven inland by the storm are made, by the highest cunning of art, to intensify the gloomy murkiness of the sky, and to throw the foreland into the extreme distance. At the foot of the rocky point the surf is boiling and drifting as no one but Turner has ever drawn it. In the immediate foreground there are nearer and blacker rocks, with a few figures trying to rescue the perishing wretches who are seen, in strong relief against the surf behind, clinging to the helpless wreck. This is a picture which grows in force and truth the more it is looked at, until it becomes scarcely a stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself present at the very scene. The next plate, called "Cephalus and Procris," is of course a woodland view with two ill-drawn figures, which were better away, in the foreground. The marvel of this drawing is its slightness. It is nothing but a short wild avenue of trees seen obliquely, in which the trunks and leafage are scarcely more than indicated by a few hasty touches. The most beautiful part of the picture is a sunlit copse, seen in the distance on the right through the stems of the nearest trees. "Pastoral with Cattle" is the name of the next plate. It seems to be a sort of reminiscence of Claude-like landscape—a broad open valley with near trees on each side, cattle in the foreground, scattered trees in the mid-distance, and a massive rock, castle-crowned, filling up the vista on the horizon. The foliage here is inimitable; and the long sloping shadows athwart the valley are managed with infinite skill. We may add that outline, leafage, and general character in this landscape are clearly intended to represent a scene in some upland of the mountain limestone. The plate of the "Wye and the Severn" is of course a study of far distance. Here, as is often the case in art, the hand of the master is evident by its reticence—so

to call it. In this exquisite landscape there is positively no outline at all in the further distance; and the spectator's eye pores into the vanishing horizon for some more definite forms of the sinuous Wye and the stately stream into which it is falling, just as it would do in nature itself. The great lesson which nature teaches in vain to the pre-Raffaellite landscapist—viz. that art must represent objects as the human eye sees them—may perhaps be brought home to him by the careful study of this masterpiece. The next plate is inscribed, "Laufenburg on the Rhine." As usual, it is a study, and not a transcript, from nature. The river, dark, narrow, and foaming, is spanned by an irregular, picturesque bridge. Both banks are lofty and crowded with houses and towers, rising in stages one above the other. This view embodies, no doubt, the painter's recollection of the general characteristics and effects of the Rhine scenery of this type. In "Dumblane Abbey" we have a steep bank, clothed with wood, sunk in the deepest shadow, surmounted by the ruined eastern gable and roofless side-walls of the ancient church. At the foot winds a narrow river, with a low bank on the other side, a hamlet in the distance, and a group of women washing clothes in the foreground. The elements of the picture are simple enough. The leading idea seems to be the intense blackness of the wooded steep above which the ruin stands. The architectural truth of the delineation of the lancets in the gaunt gable of the choir deserves to be noticed. The next plate is "East-Gate, Winchester"—a less interesting scene of ruin. This view again is by no means truthful as to its bare facts; but it manages to convey, in a most masterly manner, the peculiar general effect of that decayed town. Tall trees are growing on the walls, and the old road is shown as a mere sheep-walk. Turner was never more at home than on the sea. His "Sketch for a Sea-Piece" is truly admirable. Here we have a man-of-war riding at anchor in the distance, while a cutter almost on her beam end as she heels over under a very stiff breeze is making for her. It is wild dirty weather, and the pitch black waves are only relieved by the white of the flying scud. The sky too is wonderfully truthful and unexaggerated. The big ship, gleaming in the offing, will be to an intelligent student a perfect model of the proper conventional method of indicating a distant object. Not a spar nor a rope of the rigging is delineated which could possibly be spared. What are given indeed are little more than barely suggested; and yet to the imagination the idea intended to be conveyed is perfectly rendered. This is the true province, and the highest success, of art. One could wish the figures away from the "Young Anglers," which is the next plate in succession. As always in Turner's landscapes, they are ill-drawn and inexpressive. Apart from them, the scene here depicted, though unpretending, is full of pictorial interest. The sluggish stream, the reeds and flags on its bank, the osiers on one side, and the rustic villa on the opposite bank, are all marvels of consummate rendering. Still more cynical in its disregard of the proprieties of figure drawing is the group of boys, engaged in putting a companion into a trough, which gives the inappropriate name of "Juvenile Tricks" to the next plate. The whole scene indeed is much below the average merit of the series; and none but the most enthusiastic of Turner-worshippers can be expected to admire the distant row of suburban houses which is discerned through the gnarled trunks of the scanty and aged wood of the foreground. Almost equally sketchy, but far cleverer in the handling of the foliage, is the "Bridge and Cows," which follows in the series. This plate, by the way, in the copy before us, is an exception to the general uniform excellence of the photographic impressions of this series. The exposure has been insufficient. In "Pembury Mill, Kent," Turner has given a weird picturesqueness to a homely enough scene of rustic life. He must have seen the mill at Pembury under some such accidental combination of light and shade, and his faithful memory has here reproduced it with the necessary modifications and exaggerations. We like infinitely better his next plate, called the "Water-mill;"—not so much, however, for the picturesque half-ruined mill in the centre as for the exquisitely drawn trees beyond the stream, and the tender distance. Mr. Ruskin has discovered unfathomable depths of meaning in Turner's "Hedging and Ditching." To us it seems merely a powerful sketch of a scene of familiar and disagreeable rustic toil. The skill with which the wild common beyond the hedge is delineated in this plate is above all praise. A far more pleasant picture is the next, the "Stackyard;" but its chief interest arises from its consummate delineation of the leafage of the few trees which make their appearance in the view. Almost the same may be said of the "Farmyard with Pigs;" where indeed, all the animals—both pigs and poultry—are badly drawn, and the rest of the accessories are poor and out of proportion. But the docks in the foreground and the leafage are excellent. "Marine Dabblers" is an absurd title for a most vigorous sketch of a fishing boat hauled up dry on the beach, with a rough sea and a stormy sky behind. Mark here the contrast between the black hull, with the dark flapping sail hanging over it, and the gleaming sea, with its single white sail against the leaden horizon, and the sea-gulls, which are put in just where they are wanted, to light the picture with an infallible skill. We have quite another kind of landscape in "Hindoo Ablutions." There is nothing Oriental about it; but the single tree in the foreground, and the far distance, and the hot but cloudy sky, are in their way miracles of drawing. By the "Crypt, Kirkwall," Turner means one of the ruined chapels of that abbey. This is a fine study of the lights and shadows of the receding vaults of a groined roof,

* *Liber Studiorum*. Second Series. Photographs from Twenty-one Original Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum. Published under the Authority of the Department of Science and Art. London: Cundall, Downes, & Co. 1862.

with distant peeps of daylight. The "Bridge with Goats" seems to us unequal to the rest, though we may except from the censure the trees on the left hand. Finally, the concluding plate, entitled "Sketch of Shipping," is a picture which no one but Turner could have attempted. Some five or six large ships in immediate proximity to each other, and sailing in all directions, are dashing about in a stormy sea close to a harbour-mouth, in most imminent danger of collision. But no one can examine this plate carefully without the deepest admiration for the painter's skill. For here we have real sea and real sky, each terrible in its wildness. The waves are running mountain-high, and the storm-cloud brooding to the left-hand of the picture is positively awful in its threatening intensity. Nothing more powerful than the drawing of the actual shipping of the piece can well be imagined. We conclude with repeating our congratulations to all who are concerned in this invaluable work, by which Turner's best landscapes have been brought literally within the reach of "the million."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.
On Monday, February 2, to commence with the 2nd and 3rd Acts of the BOHEMIAN GIRL. On Tuesday, 3d, Thursday, 5th, and Saturday, 7th, LOVE'S TRIUMPH. On Wednesday, 4th, MARITANA. On Friday, 6th, SATANELLA. Every Evening, HARLEQUIN BEAUTY and THE BEAST. Commencing at ten minutes to seven. A Morning Performance on Wednesday, February 4th, at Two o'clock, to which Children under twelve are admitted at half-price to all parts of the house except pit, price 1s. 6d. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. No charge for Booking.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

On Monday Evening next, February 2, the Programme will include Mozart's celebrated Clarinet Quintet. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatelli; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Vocalists, Mlle. Florence Lancia and Mlle. Sainton-Dolly. Conductor, Mr. Benedit. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 30 New Bond Street; and Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Every Night at Eight, and Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at Three, in St. James's Hall. Proprietor, W. F. COLLINS. Owing to the great success of the Popular Songs "Mary Blane," "Lucy Nank," &c., they will be repeated Every Evening. Entire Change of Programme. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Egyptian Hall.—"A NIGHT WITH BURNS" and "Tam O'Shanter" will, in consequence of its enthusiastic reception, be repeated by Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, assisted by Mr. Land at the Pianoforte. Every Evening at Eight (Saturday excepted), and on Saturday Afternoon at Three.—In preparation, "Jacobite Minstrel."—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s. Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street.

WELSH NATIONAL MELODIES, Wednesday Evening, February 4.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, Hanover Square Rooms.—Mr. John Thomas (the Fenwick Gwalli) Arrangements.—In order to give the greatest effect to these charming and characteristic Melodies, the following eminent Artists have been engaged:—Miss Edith Wynne (Gos Cymru Pencrodd); Mr. J. Balafr Chatterton; Mr. T. H. Wright; and Mr. John Thomas.—Stalls, 6s.; Unreserved Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. At Addison's, Cranmer's, Chappell's, Keith & Prowse's, Austin's Ticket Office, and at the Rooms.

NATIONAL MELODIES.—SEVENTH CONCERT.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Wednesday, February 11. SIGNOR GIUGLINI, and National Melodies Choir of 400 Voices. Hand of 80 Sops. Signor Giuglini will positively depart for the Continent on Thursday, February 12.—Sofa Stalls, 6s. each. Tickets, at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEA-SIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock.

NOW OPEN, the ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the DISTRESS in the COTTON DISTRICTS, 6 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Open from Ten till Four.—Admission, One Shilling.

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REDUCTION OF FARES TO WORTHING, EASTBOURNE,

ARUNDEL, BRIGHTON, and other Main and Branch-line Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.—A Reduced Scale of First and Second Class Rates will come into operation on February 1, for which see the February Time Tables. The Fares from or to Victoria or London Bridge, and all Stations south of Norwood Junction, will be the same, and Return Tickets issued from or to one of these Termini will be available at the other without extra payment. The charge for Season Tickets on all the Suburban lines, and between London and Eastbourne, Brighton, Worthing, and most of the Stations south of Red Hill, will also be materially reduced.

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This Association, entirely conducted by Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIES Masters of Schools and Heads of Families with TUTORS for the Universities. For Foreign Tutors apply to the Foreign Secretary. Particulars may be had at the Company's Offices, No. 9 Pall Mall East, S.W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

E. B. LOMER, M.A., Secretary.

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A detailed Prospectus, containing Syllabuses of all the Courses of Lectures, and all other information, arrangements for boarding, &c., may be obtained by application to the Director.

The School will open in the First Week in February, 1863.

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At the late Examination in December last for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, three Pupils, all that were sent up from this Establishment, succeeded in passing, one obtaining 7th place on 5477 marks.

The following Gentlemen, Pupils of the Indian Civil Service Institute, passed their respective Examinations during the past year—

Direct Commissions.			
Mr. H. W. Roberts	14th Place.	Mr. M. Gahan	Queen's Cadetship.
Mr. John Davy	Royal Military College, Sandhurst.	Mr. O. Graham	
Mr. C. E. Hughes	5477 marks.		
Mr. James J. R. Frew	2575 " 1840 "		
Indian Civil Service.—Further Examination.			
Mr. Roberts	7th Place.	Mr. Stewart	16th Place.
Mr. Pennington	10th "	Mr. Phillips	46th "
Mr. Woodroffe	12th "	Mr. Cruickshank	53th "
First or Open Examination.			
Mr. Kirkwood	59th Place.		

For Prospectuses, &c., apply to the Rev. the Principal.

January, 1863.

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The Course of Instruction is the same generally as that of the principal Public Schools, special attention being paid to Writing, Arithmetic, and Modern Languages. Pupils are admitted between the Ages of Nine and Fifteen. The Fees range from 11s to £21 per Annum. The School will re-open on February 3. For further particulars apply to the Head Master, or to WILLIAM JACKSON, Esq., Jun., Hon. Sec., 21 Fenwick Street, Liverpool.

NAUTICAL EDUCATION.—SCHOOL FRIGATE "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—THE NEXT SESSION of this Institution will commence January 31, 1863.

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The course of two years in the "Conway" is reckoned, by a special order of the Board of Trade, as one year at sea; thus the pupils save a year in passing their examinations to be officers, and require to be at sea only three, instead of four years, before doing so.

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THE Head Master of a Foundation School in one of the Southern Counties wishes to receive into his family Two Private PUPILS, not under 17, for the purpose of either preparing them for the University Examinations, or generally completing their Education. French, German, Italian, and Spanish taught if required. Terms, 120 Guineas per annum, inclusive.—Address, ALPRA, 40 Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.

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MALVERN PROPRIETARY COLLEGE (Limited).—Wanted, a HEAD MASTER in the above College, about to be erected at MALVERN. Testimonials must be sent in to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. S. S. S. S., Malvern, on or before February 15, 1863, from whom any further information may be obtained.

TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—A Series of HANSARD'S PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES, during the Sessions of 1841-42-43-44, making 10 vols. neatly half bound, to be sold for £3 10s., the original price having been £20.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mr. JOHN HEYWOOD, of Manchester, is about to bring out a new "History of Modern Europe for Schools and Private Students." The work has been written by Mr. Thomas Bullock, of Manchester, the author of a recent "School History of England," and some "English Reading Books."

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Office, 10 Foultry, E.C., Jan. 1863.

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES.—MUNIFICENT PROPOSAL.—A Gentleman, a Governor of this Charity, has kindly Offered to contribute to the Building Fund the sum of 100 guineas, Provided Nine other Persons will subscribe a like Amount prior to June 30 next.

THE BOARD APPEAL with earnestness to the WEALTHY and BENEVOLENT that so Liberal a Proposal may meet with an early and cordial Response.

The want of a Commodious Dwelling presses each year more severely upon the Charity. The proposed Subscription will be a most welcome addition to the Funds already collected.

Names will be thankfully received at the Office.

Office, 10 Foultry, E.C., Jan. 1863.

FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

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PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

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By Order, G. GRANT, Acting Secretary.
15 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Jan. 14, 1863.

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